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"HARD-BOILED, HARD-BITTEN, HARD-HEADED, hard-fisted"—that is the way William Hard describes La Follette's choice for his running-mate—Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Wheeler is, indeed, the kind of man who has learned to fight with a smile on his face. All his life he has had to fight. The son of a Massachusetts shoemaker, he fought to earn his way through college. His legal practice in the city of Butte, Montana, was built on fighting. He fought through to success workmen's-compensation claims against the copper companies, which had seemed hopeless in a copper-controlled State. During the war he stood firm and refused to pervert his office as federal district attorney to persecute the industrial radicals who, in Montana, as elsewhere, were branded as "traitors" when they continued to fight their class war. He waged the bitter fight which forced the infamous Daugherty out of office, despite a violent campaign to discredit him and the witnesses who, being Daugherty's associates, were naturally low-lived men. He did not hesitate when, as part of the attempt to stop his investigation, he was indicted on a trumped-up charge in his home State. Despite his complete exoneration by the Senate committee which investigated the charge, it will doubtless be raked up and pressed during the campaign. But Wheeler is used to that kind of tactics; like La Follette, he has stood abuse, and he emerges from such campaigns of vilification better loved and more trusted than ever.

WHEELER'S NOMINATION will add clearness to the issues of the campaign. He and John W. Davis are both able lawyers, but they made different choices long ago. Wheeler chose the defense of poor men, and, for himself, relative poverty; Davis went into virtual partnership with the House of Morgan, became a director of the Santa Fe Railroad, the Rubber Trust, and the National Bank of Commerce, and, presumably, was one of the 357 men who reported incomes over $300,000 in 1922. He chose to be primarily a business man rather than a lawyer. Such choices are in part deliberate, in part instinctive; but they reveal the heart of the men more than all their campaign speeches put together. Davis believes in big business and is proud of the fact that the biggest corporations in the country have selected him to defend them. Wheeler made his fame in opposition to the Copper Trust. Such differences mean more than erudition, diplomacy, or personal charm—although Wheeler is by no means a rough Montana diamond; they betray the inner urge which will move a man in time of crisis. Faced, for instance, with a nationwide railroad strike or mine strike, Davis, we suspect, would seek, lawyer-like, a legal way to crush the strike; Wheeler would seek to end the human abuses which brought it on.

SENATOR WHEELER remains a Democrat, just as Senator La Follette and the North Dakota Nonpartisan Leaguers retain the designation "Republican." Some of the Eastern Republicans and Democrats are perturbed at this "robbery" of party names; they seem to believe that parties remain eternally fixed and stable, and that all good party men should religiously indorse the personal choices of their bosses. But were the Republicans who supported Mitchel for mayor in New York City a few years ago therefore ruled out of their party? Did Democrats who bolted Tammany, or gold-standard men who refused to support Bryan, forfeit the right to call themselves Democrats? The assumption is ridiculous. If we had two old parties with clear-cut differences of principle there might be some excuse for demanding a measure of orthodoxy. But in fact we have two great sprawling organizations, the members of which agree on nothing. The Democracy is an anti-alien, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, Ku Klux party in the South; an immigrant, Catholic, anti-Klux party in the North, and anything-to-beat-the-Republicans in the West. In Wisconsin men who pride themselves on their hereditary Republicanism swear by La Follette and swear at Coolidge; in the East it is precisely vice versa. What's in a name?

ONE OF THE FINEST TRIBUTES yet paid to Senator La Follette's candidacy appears in the news letter of a large cotton firm:

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> With the Democrats having finally nominated the best man in their party, it would seem clear that the country will be safe, regardless of whether Davis or Coolidge wins, and that business should take on new courage; but La Follette, like the weevil, is yet to be heard from.

How happy could Wall Street be with either fair old party! As for the political boll weevil—the insect that eats the heart of the crop—few farmers will look for him near their friend Robert La Follette. They would be more likely to examine the neighborhood of the cotton exchange. We recommend the idea, however, to other trade publicists. For example, in the coal industry, "La Follette, like the deadly mine-damp"; in the hair-net industry, "La Follette, like the French shingle"; in the electric business, "La Follette, like daylight saving"; in the umbrella trade, "La Follette, like fair weather"; or in the undertaking business, "La Follette, like the life-saving corps."

NOW THAT THE HIGHEST COURT of Massachusetts has overthrown the essential feature of the minimum-wage law of that State there seems to be no future for such legislation in this country without an amendment to the Constitution. The Massachusetts law, it will be recalled, did not attempt to fix a compulsory minimum wage. The commission established under the law was not given the power to enforce its decisions. These were only recommendatory in character, but in case of refusal to abide by its findings the commission was authorized to advertise the name of the offender in the daily press, and it was provided that no newspaper could refuse to print such an announcement, under penalty of a fine of $100. The Boston *Transcript* refused to print such an advertisement, and has now been upheld in this action by the State's highest court. In declaring the advertising clause of the minimum-wage law to be unconstitutional the court argued that it was an undue interference in a publisher's business and questioned whether the statute could—as it undertook to do—protect a newspaper against an action for libel. It is possible that under the present practice of jurisprudence in the United States the court's decision is warranted, but obviously it is based on broad general considerations of public policy rather than on any direct conflict of the clause in question with a specific provision of the State constitution. In other words, the action of the court was partly legislative.

IT IS THIS TENDENCY of our courts to exercise partly legislative functions—now a practice of many years—that has made them become a definite menace to democratic government. As Professor Haines pointed out in *The Nation* of May 14 last, there are numerous other countries where the courts have virtually the same power over legislation as here. But it has been exercised in a much more restricted way. In order to get around an attempt to limit its powers the Ohio supreme court recently declared a statute not "unconstitutional" but "unenforceable," on the ground that its provisions were so vague that it was practically impossible to administer it. Without discussing whether the Ohio tribunal was right or wrong in the instance in question, it seems to us that the attempt to distinguish between the "unconstitutional" and the "unenforceable" betrays the erroneous attitude of American courts toward legislation. A court is not actually asked to pass upon the constitutionality of a law as such. Its job is to enforce all the laws, giving preference to the higher in case of conflict. The question of constitutionality arises only where it is argued that it is impossible to enforce a given statute without violating another and higher one: the Constitution. A court has no business to declare a law unconstitutional unless it is impossible to enforce both the act and the Constitution. When a court goes beyond this it invades the legislative field. It is because our judges are continually guilty of such invasion that we must either limit them or abandon the theory of democratic rule.

WHAT ARE OUR "NATIONAL POLICIES" in regard to the ownership of natural utilities—whether they should be publicly or privately controlled? Judging from what we see in the press and hear on the platform, we had formed the idea that the question was at least an open one—that it was, in fact, a matter of controversy and experiment and the future. Apparently we were wrong. Our "national policy" has already been fixed. We are committed to private ownership and opposed to anything else. At least whenever the United States is invited to take a hand in any parley, we find our representative bobbing up on the side of existing monopoly and exploitation. Take the Pan-American Conference on Electrical Communication, for example, which assembled lately in Mexico City. The gathering was favorable to an extension of government ownership and of official regulation of inter-American communications, but A. H. Babcock, the delegate from the United States, refused to sign a resolution to that effect. He assured the assembly that the United States believed that inter-American communications could best be extended by encouraging the investment of private capital. He refused to join in a statement of "principles contrary to the national policies of the United States." How well big business looks after its own! How uniformly it manages to pass its ideas off as those of the people of the United States!

MEXICO IS A PROVINCE of *mañana*-land, election machinery is a bit rusted by disuse, and so despite the heat and fury which preceded this year's as almost all other national electoral contests returns trickle along in a peaceful and leisurely fashion. The result will not be officially announced until Congress convenes in September to scrutinize, compute, and certify to the totals. Nevertheless unofficial reports from widely scattering districts already make certain the overwhelming victory of General Plutarco Elias Calles over his opponent, General Angel Flores. For some months this result has been a foregone conclusion and an eminently desirable one. Calles has been Obregon's right-hand man and, next to his chief, the outstanding figure in revolutionary Mexico. He is a firm believer in the necessity of that modicum of social revolution embraced in the agrarian program, in general education, and in labor legislation which when carried out will make Mexico neither "red" nor "pink," but will substitute for archaic feudalism the basis of modern statehood. Mexico's hope, and her only hope, lies in this direction. Yet it is not sufficient that her chief executive have the proper social viewpoint. He must be strong enough, in a country steeped in the autocratic tradition, to carry out his purposes. The task is formidable; one cannot apply the standards current in a long-established republic like ours to a nominal and still uncrystallized democracy such as Mexico. Calles may fail, but no other man is as well qualified to pilot the Mexican ship of state for the next four years.

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ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES of government censorship is that it often defeats its own purpose. This has happened in a notable way in Brazil. When rebellion started the government clamped down a censorship, and for several days our newspapers printed only the official communiqués indicating that the affair was a trifling flare-up already virtually suppressed. Then word from the revolutionists' side of the fence reached us from Uruguay and Argentina. At once it was evident that the Brazilian government communiqués were about as accurate as the writings of Dr. Cook, and from then on our newspapers have been featuring the news from the other side, relegating the official version from Rio de Janeiro to an inconspicuous place at the foot of the column. As to the causes of the revolution, almost nothing is said in the news from either side. Apparently the revolt is a move of the military group which has long been displeased with the effort of President Bernardes to reduce their control. This group, which centers largely in the province of Sao Paulo, numbers in its membership many of the wealthy coffee planters. They have an additional grievance against the Government in the newly instituted income taxes, imposed in accordance with the advice of the recent British financial mission, which was to revise the fiscal system and arrange a loan. These taxes bear upon the Sao Paulo planters more heavily than the former indirect levies. The revolt springs presumably from the same sources that engineered the uprising of two years ago, which was more promptly squelched.

THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT on the same day dispatches from Japan, one saying that the Government has asked the Mexican Federation of Chambers of Commerce to put it in touch with sources from which merchants may obtain products now purchased in the United States, the other noting that the projected boycott against American motion pictures has virtually collapsed on account of lack of public support. With these conflicting evidences, it is hard to say how effective Japanese retaliation for the exclusion clause of the immigration act may prove, but sentimentally there is no question that our boorish and unnecessary procedure has cut deep into a growing and hopeful friendship. Accounts of recent anti-American demonstrations indicate a kind of religious fervor, an unmodern fanaticism, that is in odd contrast to the easygoing indifference with which we regard the question here. Take these placards in Tokio:

> Japanese must never forget July 1, when America inflicted an intolerable insult on Japan. Always remember the date. Prepare for such steps as are demanded by the honor of the fatherland when the occasion comes. Every Japanese must remember the following rules:
>
> 1. Alter your mode of living so as to impress the date lastingly upon your mind.
> 2. Hate everything American, but remain kind to American individuals.
> 3. Deny yourself all luxury.
> 4. Never forget national honor for private gain.
> 5. Never enter a church supported or guided by Americans or United States missionaries.

ALMOST ANY AMERICAN will admit that Japanese inferiority is a fact. In view of this generally accepted and officially stamped belief it is brilliantly illuminating to read a list of gifts exchanged when America introduced civilization to Japan three-quarters of a century ago:

> The interchange of amenities brought to our President beautiful specimens of gold lacquer, bronze, silver, porcelain, rolls of silk brocade and pongee, coral and silver ornaments, and other articles innumerable, in return for our own gracious gifts to his Imperial Majesty, which included among other things a diminutive locomotive, a telegraph key and wire, a natural history of the State of New York, sixteen volumes of the Annals of Congress, Journal of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, two volumes of Lighthouse Reports, a barrel of whiskey, with an assortment of other liquors, and three ten-cent boxes of tea.

It almost is unbelievable but it must be true, for it is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The prominence of whiskey can only be accounted for by the success with which we had used fire-water in avoiding arguments with the American Indians. But why the "literature"? Perhaps there were wets and drys even then, and the list of gifts was a compromise.

THAT LONG-TALKED-OF PROJECT, a tunnel under the English Channel, has been laid on the shelf again by the British Government, principally because what the newspapers call the "war chiefs" oppose it as a danger to Great Britain in case of hostilities. The "war chiefs" always have opposed the scheme, but more through traditional bureaucratic fear than because of reason. Forgetting that the airplane and the submarine have reduced the value of British insularity anyhow, they argue that a channel tunnel would enable enemy forces to invade England in case of war. Would it? Would any commander in his senses dare start troops through a tunnel unless he controlled the territory about its exit? And if he controlled such territory, he would not need the tube in order to land his forces. Indeed, even for a commander who held both ends of a tunnel, it would be a ticklish means of transport; an enemy submarine or airplane might wreck it midway. A channel tunnel is going to be built some day; it will not forever be just talk. Years of discussion and fruitless effort preceded the successful construction of the Panama Canal. Like it, a channel tunnel may not promise immediate commercial success, but it is a challenge to human daring and faith that some day will sweep away the fears of the "war chiefs," helping to place them and their hatreds on the shelf to which they have temporarily relegated it.

FISK UNIVERSITY has raised an endowment fund of one million dollars—the first Negro university to raise anything like such a fund. It is an encouraging thing that the school which began its career in an army barracks in Nashville nearly sixty years ago should find the confidence and respect which such a fund implies. Fisk is no mere industrial school. It is a full-fledged university; its students are given the same recognition at Columbia and Chicago as are graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Another encouraging sign is the fact that citizens of Nashville have set out to raise a supplementary fund of $50,000, which Fisk sorely needs since the endowment fund is pledged exclusively to teachers' salaries. This is the first time that any Southern city has contributed any such sum to any form of Negro education. Meanwhile Fisk University's other work goes quietly on. Fisk produced Roland Hayes. The Fisk University Jubilee Singers sang before Queen Victoria fifty years ago, and King George is hearing them at Lady Astor's home—they are again on European tour—as this *Nation* goes to press.

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1914—1924

TEN years ago this week Europe, rather casually, slipped *into* war.

It was a grim slip. Europe was appalled, but hardly surprised. She had been preparing for the war for two decades, and her statesmen had grown rather fatalistic about it. The Austrians preferred a European war to loss of their opportunity to crush troublesome Serbia; the Russians preferred it to a loss of prestige; for many Germans it was *der Tag*, and to many Frenchmen it meant the long-awaited *revanche*. No one dreamed of four and a half years of fighting, starvation, revolutions; of the absorption of distant continents; of a miserable post-war decade. After all, as we Americans learned so cheerfully three years later, it did make life interesting. Men lived dangerously, and they did not have time to think. The troublesome petty social conflicts of peace days were for the moment lost in the fires of war. An Oxford professor wrote a much-appreciated essay on The Peacefulness of Being at War.

We in America were very remote. It is difficult today to think back to those idyllic days when President Wilson was proclaiming the duty to be "neutral in fact as well as name," "impartial in thought as well as in action." Less than three years later those days already seemed distant of which Randolph Bourne wrote:

> To the American academic mind of 1914 defense of war was inconceivable. From Bernhardi it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough, crude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscripts—to die on the fields of France.

We went into the war with a vim. Neutrality in thought or in action became a crime and we hunted down our pacifists to put them in jail. The mass of the people accepted the myth that they were fighting for an ideal, and when disillusionment came they lost faith in these ideals rather than in war as a method of realizing them.

For the Old World there was a brief glimmer of hope when the guns stopped firing. A new era seemed about to dawn. Russia had thrown off her czar, and all the Central Empires had put aside their kings. No officer dared show himself in uniform in the streets of Berlin. Militarism was for the moment utterly dead. Woman suffrage was suddenly granted in Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium. The French Chamber considered women's rights seriously for the first time in its history and a dozen countries passed eight-hour labor laws. The ranks of the labor unions swelled, and their power grew. Wilson, when he came to Europe, was hailed as a messiah, and everywhere men and women believed the old evils at an end.

Then Europe, too, was disabused. The German delegates at the Peace Conference were kept behind bars, like wild beasts; the secret treaties were incorporated, veiled only in pious phrases, in the peace treaty which President Wilson signed; the name "League of Nations" was given to a league of victors, which the well-behaved neutrals were invited to join (the Central Powers, Soviet Russia, and Mexico were left out); revolutions were drowned in blood in Bavaria and in Hungary (where the American relief agents joined hands with the counter-revolutionaries); and all the Western world, America included, continued the war on Soviet Russia, masking its capitalist hate of the workers' republic in a dreary succession of miserable lies. When Soviet Russia finally emerged triumphant from her war against the world she was so battle- and blockade-worn that she could no longer hope to serve as a beacon.

Gradually the darkness deepened. Italy plunged from chaos into bloody Fascism, and good men applauded it; Russia went through famine; France, refusing to face the emptiness of military victory, demanded of Germany more than Germany could possibly pay, and finally marched her soldiers into the Ruhr, while the mark lost its value and millions went hungry. Desperate Germans prayed for a return of the good old days of the monarchy.

Are we on the verge of a new dawn? Certain it is that for the moment a fresh wind is blowing across Europe. Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government, slight as have been its concrete achievements, brought with it an atmosphere of decency and friendliness and of expectation of decency from others. The German elections were less of a reactionary landslide than had been expected; France ousted Poincaré and opened the way for new measures. The United States permitted its experts to aid in devising a plan for reparation payments which is today under hopeful discussion. Russia has, unaided by the West, stabilized her currency and resumed trade. Austria and Hungary have been put on a forced regime, under the auspices of the League, which has at least maintained life where there had been despair, and Germany has, for the time, stabilized her currency and made normal living once more possible. If we have abandoned bright dreams we seem at least to be drifting back to normalcy, where dreams may again become plausible.

Normalcy is an advance over the chaos of these later years, but the disposition to regard normalcy through rosy spectacles is a kind of shell-shock, a product of weariness. Normalcy is the pre-war state which produced the war and all our social conflicts, and with it goes that fatal fatalism which permitted the war to occur. Its motto is "What's the use?" The World War was not inevitable; it is easy today to trace a dozen links of causation which led straight to the cataclysm, but it is as easy to suppose a dozen slight changes in the course of history which might have avoided it. As Bertrand Russell pointed out in *The Nation* a year ago, it may reasonably be argued that Napoleon fell because he ate an unripe peach after the battle of Dresden; and if the Emperor of Austria, a very old man, had only eaten an unripe peach and died a decade earlier, or if the war had been postponed a few years until socialism in Germany and revolution in Russia had become stronger, the map and spirit of the world might be very different today. We do not need to accept war as an inevitable incident in normal living; we can change normalcy.

If the world accepts normalcy as an unmitigated boon and basks calmly in it, there is, indeed, little hope. The fact that it is not yet basking, despite well-intentioned efforts, is the real hope of the present hour.

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Just Another Conference?

ANYTHING—a conference or a plan or a man—that is heralded as the beginning of a general settlement in the affairs of Germany, France, and England may well be looked upon with skepticism. The stage for the present conference is set in London. So far it is another Allied conference—without Germany, as usual—and if France wins, and it looks very much as if she might, the conference will prepare more plans which the Germans are to accept cut-and-dried from the Reparation Commission. In 1921, in London, upon this same stage, a bill was prepared and handed to Germany for 33 billions of dollars. That stands as the legal bill today and is one of the skeletons in the closet which no one dares to haul forth three years later.

The press has made much of the general optimism and good-will hovering over the conference. This optimism (mixed with anxiety in proper amounts) is of course part of the stage properties for any important Allied meeting, but it has a basis in reality. First, there is the personal friendly accord between Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot. Then there are the Americans. No one knows what our envoys will do, but the Dawes Report is our child and we are proud of it, so there is no telling what may happen. Next, the frank stating of Anglo-French differences is a gain, infinitely better than M. Poincaré's constant repetition of platitudes. Above all, there is the Dawes Report to keep the conferees on the economic track and off the political.

But there are sharp disagreements. The fifteenth section of the Dawes Report states that the successful execution of the plan depends on "cooperation between the Allies and Germany toward assuring political relations such as the world's financiers will consider favorable to a German loan." There lies the real crux of the Franco-British difference. The French do not want to cooperate; they want to impose.

France holds that she should have the last word on sanctions, as she is to receive 52 per cent of the forthcoming reparations. In other words, the French would keep the Ruhr weapon always in reserve. "Thus," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "the new judicial issue of the legality of the Dawes scheme under the Versailles Treaty leads directly back to the old judicial issue regarding the Ruhr occupation." This is particularly important since many experts believe the payments provided for in the Dawes Report impossibly high. If Germany defaults involuntarily, should the Allies confer, or should France retain the alleged right to invade the Ruhr to punish the delinquents? The Dawes Report assumes an immediate loan to Germany of $75,000,000 and later subscriptions in bonds in still vaster sums. American and English bankers will absorb the larger part of both loans, and naturally they will want guaranties against isolated action by France. The first reports from London are anything but encouraging. Vague compromises are reported which may mean exactly what France wishes and at the same time leave a loophole for England to crawl out if things become too hot. The investors are to have priority on all German resources; but all the rights of the Treaty of Versailles—which includes an explicit priority for reparations—are preserved. Result: France may take separate action when she wishes, just as in the past, and German resources may disappear like snow on the first hot days of spring.

Another hotly disputed question concerns the method of transferring German payments from the receiving body in Berlin to the creditor countries. This involves the appointment of a reparations agent and what power he shall have. An American, Owen D. Young, has been suggested for this position. England wishes this agent to have independent power and France wishes him to be a handmaiden of the Reparation Commission, on which she casts the deciding vote. This provision for the transferring of German payments marked a new understanding by governments of international finance. Instead of the grab-bag fashion of the last five years, the problem of the paying in of reparations was separated from the problem of turning the German marks into the currency of France, England, Belgium. Germany's responsibility was to end when she deposited gold marks in the new bank of issue to be established. Many economists are questioning whether we shall not yet learn that those marks cannot be taken from that bank and be of value to the creditor. Mr. Henry Scattergood stated in an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science that the drawing of those funds depended "upon the world buying from Germany three times as many goods and services as it has been buying at any time since the war." Who is ready to do that? Certainly not France—and as certainly no French representative will let the issue be clearly drawn.

Another Good Ship Gone

WE told the other day (A Sea Wolf's End, June 18) of the sentence to the junk pile of the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm—one of the famous quartet of the North German Lloyd. About the same time another vessel, also one of a celebrated quartet, was towed out of New York harbor destined for a similar end. The quartet of which the St. Louis was one—the last—was American; indeed it was perhaps the most notable quartet of American ships ever assembled. The other three were the St. Paul, a sister ship of the St. Louis; the New York; and the Philadelphia.

The St. Louis and the St. Paul were American built—the largest and finest steamships constructed in American yards up to their time. In consideration of their construction by home talent, permission was granted the owners by special act of Congress to put the foreign-built New York and Philadelphia also under American registry. The latter two were built with forward-curving bows—clipper stems—and bowsprits, after the model of sailing vessels. For years after these beautiful lines had been superseded by vertical bows in the newer steamships, the New York and the Philadelphia kept this type familiar to our eyes.

Nowadays steamships leaving the port of New York all sail from docks that are well removed from the business heart of Manhattan Island. Up to the time of the European War, and a bit after, the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York, and Philadelphia used to sail for Southampton from the old pier of the American Line near the foot of Fulton Street, North River—right under the windows of the sky-piercing office buildings of lower Broadway. As they backed out into the stream on a Saturday morning they opened up their whistles to clear the way, sending the roar reverberating through the downtown canyons, sifting even in winter-time through the windows, so that pens stopped adding figures and fingers

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balked in tying bundles while somebody's bookkeeper and some other body's office-boy went dream-voyaging.

The St. Louis was in many ways the luckiest and the most renowned of the famous four. As Captain Felix Riesenberg wrote lately in the *Nautical Gazette* she was

> . . . a faithful ship, a brave ship, a proud ship, an honest ship, a ship not without her own memories of great days when cheering thousands responded to her greeting, crowded her decks, and awaited her arrivals and departures. She knew the caressing swish of silken petticoats and the gay laughter of the elite. Her passenger lists were like the social registers of two continents. Fame and riches chose her because she was famous and swift and smart. The black funnels with the white band were the hall-mark of Western Ocean perfection. At her launch, in the great Cramp yard at Philadelphia, in 1895, the first lady of the land, Frances Folsom Cleveland, the lady of our President, broke the bottle of sparkling wine across her sharp steel prow.

1895! Yes, it was almost thirty years ago that the St. Louis and the St. Paul took to the water. They were of about 10,000 tons gross, with a speed of some eighteen knots —both huge and fast for their day. They had scarcely been put into commission when they were yanked out of the transatlantic service and sent into the Spanish-American War as scout cruisers by the Government. The St. Louis cut the Spanish cable at Santiago in 1898. When America entered the World War the St. Louis and St. Paul were again called on by the Government.

After the armistice the famous four all fell upon evil days. They had not reached old age; they were not worn out. But as crack passenger carriers they had been pushed aside by bigger, faster, more luxuriously appointed vessels; and they were too expensive to operate in humbler trade. The poor New York had the most sordid fate of all. Sold by the American Line, she passed through the hands of a series of fly-by-night companies, and at one time was held at a Brooklyn pier for debt, plastered with attachments and other legal papers. In the summer of 1922 she sailed for the Mediterranean. Five days out her engines broke down, and again at the Azores. Smallpox was discovered among her passengers near Algiers, and upon arriving at Palermo she was fined 85,000 lire for failure to carry an Italian doctor. At Naples she was fined again for violation of law in regard to the landing of luggage. She was last heard of late in 1922 in collision in the Sea of Marmora.

About the same time the Philadelphia, also in strange hands, set sail for Naples; but her crew mutinied, broached the ship's stores, and upon arrival in Italy fought both the vessel's officers and the state police. Accidentally or purposely the hold was flooded, and the ship was beached to keep her from sinking. And thus, so far as accounts have reached this side, she came to her end. The finish of the St. Paul and the St. Louis was less spectacular but not less tragic. The St. Paul was sent to Germany to be scrapped a year ago. The St. Louis caught fire at a Hoboken shipyard, after which she was sold for junk to an Italian firm. Towed by a tug that she would once have snorted out of her path, she let herself be led meekly down the Hudson River on a green morning last May—past her old dock at the foot of Fulton Street, past the Battery where she had formerly been cheered, past the Narrows where she had so often come proudly to anchor after a safe passage, and out to sea. . . .

From her, too, we have had the last word.

Literature in Limbo

THE seeds of a literary fashion blow further than most historians ever seem to notice. Scott and Cooper, for example, continue to be valued for the robust sinews which not even their superannuated habiliments can disguise, but critics ordinarily assume that such fashions have passed from the earth. Not at all. The creator of Nick Carter died only the other day, after an immense career of industrious fabrication which went, much of it, into stories of wild adventure told in a fashion that was respectable a hundred years ago. Richardson, for another example, continues to be valued for his fussy insight into the problems of bourgeois sentimentalists, but there is a general assumption that his manner is outlived. Not at all. Bertha M. Clay died the other day, after an immense career of industrious fabrication devoted to the very kind of fiction that has flowed for a hundred and fifty years from the source which Richardson was virtually the first to tap for a wide audience. The dramatic fact which brings the topic into the news is that Bertha M. Clay and the creator of Nick Carter were the same person, were both of them John R. Coryell, whose strikingly double life has ended at seventy-six.

Though Mr. Coryell, after originating the Nick Carter idea and after writing a few stories of the cycle, turned them over shortly to the late Frederick van Rensselaer Day, and showed himself equally productive in many other fields of hack-writing, he may nevertheless be justly enough discussed on only two counts—the counts of Carter and Clay. He was a link between the ancient melodrama and the modern movie. He either disregarded or did not feel the dignity of his forms of literature as Scott and Cooper and Richardson felt them; he played with them in a kind of serene, earnest make-believe, as children play with tales of fairies. A reader and a student, a philosophical anarchist in his opinions, he could no doubt have defended the art he practiced with excellent reasons for the qualities he gave it. But it cannot be seriously denied that he wrote about a universe as remote as fairyland. The considerable verisimilitude of his settings, the simplicity and directness of his narratives, did not make him less romantic. Stories such as his march as a hobby-horse marches, back and forth, back and forth, always in the same spot of ground. They are, to bring the image down to date, like an engine racing in an automobile, with no clutch thrown in to bring their power to bear upon the burden of reality.

The truth seems to be that no mere fashion in literature has a great vitality for any great length of time. Its themes, its conventions, its tricks, once given up by the writers of the first rank, may indeed still be manipulated by hacks with tireless ingenuity, and may long continue to please readers of slowly descending levels of sophistication. But something of the original vitality has gone. Ingenuity has taken the place of fresh creation. The critical faculty has been lulled to sleep by habit. The thing goes on by sheer momentum, without any renewed push from forces continually reborn. The end of a literary fashion dwells in a dim limbo. Let the limbo be populous and thrilling, as it may be; it is still only limbo.

Somehow or other, quantity production seems not to work in literature. It is a pity, for Nick Carter *was* exciting and Bertha M. Clay *was* edifying.

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Wheeler and Bryan and Dawes

Carnegie Branch

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE tails of all the tickets seem to have stings in them this year.

Dawes at the tail of the Republican ticket will devote himself, with a poisonousness which Coolidge could not possibly command, to the stinging of "demagogues." Suave, kindly, neat, dapper, sociable, musical, aesthetic, amiable, domestic, Dawes is a honey-bee who is all full of honey and sweet charm till he sees a "demagogue."

Himself, in fact, one of our very best demagogues and delightfully and ingenuously given to passionate appeals to the class feelings of his own class, he is driven frantic when he sees other demagogues making passionate appeals to the class feelings of other classes. He stings them, he threatens to sting them, and he will sting them. Dawes has this writer's affection because of his admirable industry and efficiency as director of the budget and because of his total sincerity in his political views and because of his delicious unawareness of the fact that Plutos as well as Demos has those who natively and naturally speak his language and that in "plutagoguery," as distinguished precisely from "demagoguery," there is no more unconsciously and instinctively perfect platform performer in this country than Charles G. Dawes of Illinois.

Contented property, whether held in large lots or in small lots (and in this country there is plenty of contented property held in small lots), will hug Charlie Dawes to its bosom and will with confidence and elation send him out over the political pastures to raise large swellings on the necks and noses of those whom he attacks. The tail of the Coolidge ticket will be its arousing appeal. It will inspirationally convince many a stay-at-home capitalistic voter that he ought to do his duty for capitalism and go to the polls and vote with vehemence for Coolidge and coolness.

The tail of the Davis ticket is widely said not to have a teaspoonful of brains. It is said that his brother William is a bag of wind and that he is the same except without even the wind. This must be an exaggeration. Or, perhaps, it points to the suspected truth that the most valuable possession of a public man is not brains.

Brainy public men—like David F. Houston, formerly Secretary of the Treasury—seem almost always to hold, as Houston held in 1920, that when economic distress is on its way the only thing, generally speaking, that a government can do is to wave and cheer it on its way. Charlie Bryan, on the other hand, not having brains, and knowing no better, went and reduced the price of coal and the price of gasoline in Nebraska by various actions performed in the course of his labors and alleged or assumed duties as governor of the State. The pundits of economics in political life would never have thought of doing it. That is, they would have thought; and then they would not have done it. Being by definition incapable of thought, Charlie Bryan did it.

Whatever, therefore, is deficient in Davis because of his excess of brains we may expect to see happily and successfully supplied by Bryan because of his lack of them. This writer, after long experience with highly intelligent public men who can see clearly that nothing can be done about anything, welcomes in Bryan a man so dull and so useful that he cannot see it. The tail of the Davis ticket may be its unthinking, but it is also its working, end.

As for Burton K. Wheeler, the tail of the La Follette ticket, this writer ventures the prediction that Wheeler will be the stingingest of all this year's stinging tails.

Wheeler is much younger than either Bryan or Dawes. He is in his early forties. As public men go, he is a mere youth. He is still engaged, as it were, in writing his juvenilia. He writes them in the spirit appropriate to his years. He is not an old young man. He is a young young man. He is politically romantic. He is pugnacious. He is adventurous.

He hails from the East—from Massachusetts. He cannot say Cool-idge, to rhyme with too. He says Cull-idge, to rhyme with full. The long "oo" is too much for him. He has a Massachusetts accent and a Montana temperament. The temperament led him inevitably to Montana. He would have made a great prospector in the old Montana mining days. Or he might have made a great gambler. Taking chances is no bother to him. It is no anxiety to him. When he made his charges against Daugherty in the Senate, he did not have the proof. He only knew that a certain amount of proof existed. That proof might have been stolen from him. His witnesses might have been snatched away from him. They were that sort of people. Wheeler did not hesitate. He made his charges just the same. He took one of the biggest chances that anybody in Washington ever took. He got away with it. When the witnesses were called they still were his. It then became necessary, however, to make them relate gossip. Wheeler did not hesitate. He made them relate gossip. He knew that almost any one piece of that gossip, by itself, was ridiculous. He did not hesitate to be ridiculous. He knew that all the pieces of the gossip of all his witnesses, when put together, would convince—or, at any rate, would persuasively suggest. He did not hesitate to be ridiculous in detail in order to win in mass.

He has an iron heart and a brass forehead. Also he has one of the most charming of smiles—a boyish smile, a cool and deadly smile. He could have put his shooting-irons on the table and smiled handsomely and happily at his fellow-gamblers in the old Montana days. He will cut a wide swath through the hearts of women in his audiences. They love to ask him to dinner in Washington even when he is engaged in trouncing—and perhaps traducing—their favorite conservative statesman on the Senate floor. He is exigent; but he is attractive. He is attractive perhaps precisely because he is exigent and uncompromising and—it might be said—politically bloodthirsty. There is something soft in many reformers. There is nothing soft in Wheeler. He would have made a great bucko mate quelling the crew on an old New England China clipper. He is humane in his policies. Personally he is hard-boiled, hard-bitten, hard-headed, hard-fisted, with a tinge in him of the handsome sword-crossing heart-breaking soldier of fortune.

A soldier of fortune plus what is now called a "social

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conscience"—a soldier of fortune animated and dominated by a "social conscience": that is Wheeler of Montana.

La Follette went out to his house and personally asked him to run with him. La Follette in his youth took some chances himself. In Wheeler perhaps he recognizes a fellow-spirit who, when it comes to chances, will not be second to him. La Follette is looking wonderfully well. Yet he is the oldest of the candidates. Wheeler is the youngest. "Old men for counsel." And young men for war? Well, war, one of your names certainly is Wheeler.

Working Toward Disarmament

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

SENATOR DE JOUVENEL, one of the most influential French politicians, stated in the *Revue de Paris* last winter that in his opinion peace was as much the key to the aspirations of the present day as liberty was in the time of the French Revolution. That, from a Frenchman in whom the traditions of the revolution live, meant a great deal. British and American liberals have tended to believe that the Poincaré policy was the only genuine expression of France, and many of them were surprised when, at the last election—the first chance the French people had had to express themselves politically since 1919—the truer voice of France spoke out. But all along, even among Poincaré's associates, there was a genuine striving for a workable peace formula.

Unfortunately, even the French who represent the peace movement tend to think in different terms from their American and British colleagues, and constant misunderstanding results. Fundamentally, the Frenchman thinks in terms of history—and one who thinks in terms of history can never proceed upon universal principles, whereas the British or American liberal, bred in the traditions of Cobdenism or some similar philosophy, demands as the first condition of readjustment a general acceptance of his principles. Viscount Cecil, for instance, has insisted that you cannot have disarmament until you have general disarmament. The French say that you can, and that you must begin with partial and local disarmament, proceeding from individual differences and circumstances, and that to demand general principles before you develop the situation for them is absurd. The British—and American—liberal is like the medieval realists; he believes in phenomena as attributes or incidents secondary to the whole. The Frenchman is a nominalist, as critical as his Abelard was in the thirteenth century, standing for concrete realities all the time.

This difference became very clear in the attempts made by the League of Nations and other bodies to work out plans for disarmament. The French protested against the constitution of the Temporary Mixed Commission, which drew up the League's disarmament plan, because its members were selected as individual experts and were not responsible to their governments—a device intended to secure initiative. The French claim that it resulted in British delegates advancing clauses of a disarmament treaty which even their own Government would not ratify. When the French protest against these fine sentiments of universal application (which have never been applied) the Anglo-Saxon mind tends to regard the protest as essentially hostile to the peace movement itself. One of the French delegation said that he did not want to go to Geneva to hear the Sermon on the Mount—he could hear that at home any Sunday—but to make a contract binding his neighbor to go as far as he himself would go. And his neighbor would not go very far toward the Sermon on the Mount.

The French believe that the way to peace leads along the historic path of alliances. There is, obviously, nothing wrong in a nation having friends. If having friends makes you feel so secure that you do not have to arm, that is good. But if its effect is that a third party is scared, the result may be a resumption of the old-fashioned arms competition and new wars. Obviously the way to move forward is to get rid of suspicion, and one way to that is through public diplomacy. The French themselves made one very notable contribution to public diplomacy when Colonel Réquin proposed an article, later embodied in the League draft treaty and also in the so-called American plan, providing that treaties the terms of which were fully known and accepted by the Council of the League as harmless and defensive might be carried out automatically in time of crisis, without any delay. But, in order to have that privilege, the same nations should agree to take any unforeseen incidents, or matters arising under secret clauses, before the instruments of mediation provided by the League, such as the Council or the World Court. This means that if an agreement is secret there is delay in executing it—and a soldier fears nothing so much as delay in the moment of danger. For example, the Franco-Czech treaty provides for mutual aid in case of invasion. That is permitted under this draft treaty as "purely defensive." But if such an unforeseen incident happened as occurred in Serajevo in June, 1914, the state which felt its "security" or "honor" endangered would be obliged not to go to war or undertake aggressive measures until other means of redress suggested by the League had been exhausted. It is a method of routing secret agreements into the avenues of public diplomacy. This provision, Articles 6, 7, and 8 of the Cecil-Réquin League treaty, is incorporated in substance as Articles 26, 27, and 28 of the American treaty.

Last winter a group of Americans interested in the problem of general disarmament began meeting in the hope of working out a practical program and discovering a formula which would to some extent unite the main principles of the British and French views and at the same time state in broad terms what might be called the American standpoint toward disarmament. The result was the formulation, after three or four months of discussion, of the so-called Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security, which is printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* this week. A few copies of this document were sent informally to those in Europe at whose request the American group had carried on the last phase of its work. When the Council of the League of Nations met on June 10 some members of it, having this American document in their hands, asked that it be distributed as an official document of the League, with an eye to its consideration by the next

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Assembly, when the Draft Treaty of the Temporary Mixed Commission was to come up for discussion. Since that time both the British and United States governments have definitely rejected the League's draft treaty.

The American treaty—which is obviously not in final form, but a basis for negotiation or planning—naturally differs widely from the Franco-British draft. Its distinctively American note is the entire absence of compulsion upon any government to enforce peace at the dictation of the Council of the League or of any other outside body. Peace is to be assured by denying to an aggressor the rights and privileges enjoyed by him in the territories of the other states, through treaties, international law, or municipal law. But it is left entirely to the individual states to say whether or not they will apply these sanctions. This provision has been criticized as an inadequate guaranty, but is it not all that American public opinion would approve? In any case it strikes at once at the entire credit system of an aggressor state. This means that it strikes at the currency, and after the experience of the past five years in Europe no other warning as to the possible consequences of aggressive action could be more clear.

Finally, this American draft treaty must not be taken for more than it is. It is simply a treaty of disarmament, not of universal compulsory arbitration. It is an agreement not to commit aggression, and it includes a readily recognized definition of aggression. It does not insure justice but it denies states the right to attempt to secure what they think justice by force of arms, it is only the beginning—if it is that—of a long process, by the substitution of something else for force in international affairs. Justice within nations has not yet been achieved, yet we have outlawed the feud and eliminated the disorders attendant upon it. The processes of civilization have to do more with procedure than with substance, and the draft treaty is an attempt to establish processes through which civilization can slowly work out a peaceful destiny. This means that the first part of the proposed agreement which would come into operation would be the Permanent Advisory Conference and its Technical Commission. Such a body should not only furnish a clearing-house for that kind of information about armaments which if known is relatively harmless, if withheld breeds war, but it should also study the variant effects of economic sanctions in a world of credit, and the kind of incidents which make for—or are—aggression. In short, we should have a definite and standing challenge to the intelligence of the world on the greatest single problem of our time.

How France Went to War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

(These are unedited extracts from a diary kept in August, 1914. They are fragmentary, but they are first-hand impressions jotted down on the spot and at the moment.)

RHEIMS, August 1, 1914, 4.30 p.m.—The fools cry "Vive la guerre!" Everywhere crowds, everywhere soldiers, everywhere haste and bustle and noise. For some it is a game, the longed-for war, the chance to fight. "Vive la France!" "Vive la guerre!" "A bas l'Allemagne!" Others know what war is. Wives and husbands and babies go to the station together, the parents pale and anxious, arm in arm, the children half-ready to shout and cheer, yet deterred by the wet cheeks of the mother.

The station is jammed, crowded. A woman sits on her coat nursing a three-month-old baby. The Paris express is already two hours late. All trains today are headed toward the border. France and Germany are at last at war, and Alsace may be revenged and rewon. Long troop-trains pull into the station, their windows alive—some faces glum and weary, some bright and excited. More troops crowd in—wife kisses husband, sweetheart sweetheart, and man man in farewell. Some eyes bright for the adventure before them—some eyes dry and brave, some dry and hopeless, some wet with tears. . . . The station breaks into yet louder cheers—they are off to the war! An old woman presses a franc into a soldier's hand, another runs up with a cake of sweet chocolate. The train windows are like the bleachers at a home run—all arms and hats and noises; heads invisible. The platform responds.

PARIS, the same day, 11 p.m.—The street surges with the crowd; there are thousands there below. They laugh and shout and applaud each new flag, each "Vive la guerre!" and sing the "Marseillaise," and think themselves patriotic. . . . Jaurès is dead, the first martyr in the cause of peace.

The Paris express was 3½ hours late at Rheims and 4 at Paris. Rheims was mad enough, as the troop trains pulled through—infantry, cavalry, aeroplanes. But here the streets were black with crowds; no taxicab or wagon to be had. And soon we discovered worse: no food to be had. One restaurant after another said "C'est fini"—at half-past nine. The crowds had eaten them out. Everywhere the insane mobs. Nowhere policemen. Here a man hurt, lying outstretched on the pavement—a huge jam about him. There a youth of perhaps nineteen standing on a restaurant table, haranguing the mob. Now someone has found a French flag, and the crowd falls in behind, shouting and singing the "Marseillaise" and "Alsace-Lorraine," while the sidewalks resound with applause. Later, English flags appear, and Italian. The crowd grows—they are like college boys, high-school kids. A great cheer goes up. Unconsciously one listens for the rest—one expects an organized college cheer to follow. But this is France, and war. These mad creatures are not celebrating a football victory, but the mobilization of the army of France, the probability of war with Germany.

August 6.—Paris is quiet now. The first wild excitement has passed, and she has settled down to a realization of realities. It is war; she faces it calmly and bravely, and her patriotism is no less that the shouts and parades are things of yesterday. The shops of luxury are closed, but the food shops are open.

LONDON, August 15.—We came over from Paris two days ago. It was a relief to see the calm of the blue sea once more. After the raving mobs of those first Paris days and the dull excitement of the shut-in city, after the wild hatred of Germany and the lying headlines, it was a pleasure to be among a people which took things normally, and, fighting, respected a foe worthy of its mettle.

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Why Matteotti Had to Die

By JAMES FUCHS

FOR the placemen and lieutenants of the "regular" Fascisti in Italy the April elections were not merely a struggle for maintenance of power but for their personal safety as well. Nearly 4,000 of their crimes—chiefly assaults, mayhem, murder, destruction of property, and acts of incendiarism—committed before Mussolini's accession to ministerial office, were covered by his Christmas amnesty of 1922. This document, perhaps for the first time in history, made party affiliation a criterion of immunity by pardoning acts of violence committed "with a national aim in view"—in plainer words, by Fascists of regular standing. But many hundreds of similar crimes, still technically indictable, have since been committed by the beneficiaries of the amnesty and their associates, which made victory at the polls a vital necessity to them—and to the author of the amnesty as well—no man in his senses doubting that the day of his downfall as a cabinet minister will be followed immediately by his impeachment.

From *l'Ere nouvelle*

Victory at the polls, however, in the terms of a free and lawfully conducted election, was out of the question. It had to be brought about by a nation-wide campaign of fraud and violence. The administration was confronted not only by a powerful Socialist and Communist movement which in 1919, at the inception of the militant career of Fascism, had control of nearly 2,000 out of the 8,000 Italian municipalities—a movement largely recovered from the effects of Fascisti assault. It had likewise to face a liberal bourgeoisie thoroughly disgusted with administrative inclusion on terms of contemptuous tolerance, a Catholic peasant movement bitterly opposed to Fascismo, and, worst of all, a disaffected Fascist element, bent upon discrediting and combating the "regulars" under the leadership of those about Mussolini.

The trail of Fascismo in office—that is to say of Mussolinism—is littered with tergiversations, broken promises, and shameless disavowals of platform planks deemed essential by Mussolini's original following of 1919. Of these old-timers only two groups are blindly obedient to the chief: the office-holders and certain "men of action" (violent action), in especial need of governmental protection. To understand the bitter indignation of the others it should be remembered that, like Mussolini himself, they graduated from the ranks of international socialism. These "old-timers" are chiefly workingmen and intellectuals, gullible but of honorable intent, who took to heart the syndicalist program of 1919, with which Mussolini sp[illegible] the ranks of the Socialists at the close of the war. They took seriously the endlessly repeated promises, before his accession to power, of holding the balance true in the common national interest in all contentions between capital and labor. The Fascist program of 1919 included a legal establishment of the eight-hour day, minimum wages for all industrial and agricultural workers, old-age and invalid insurance, control of production by the workers, and the technical management of public utilities by boards of employees. Once in office, the Fascist administration riddled its eight-hour bill with 100 special exemptions and a blanket exemption for all industries not specifically mentioned in the bill. It abandoned the minimum-wage plank, abolished the old-age and invalid insurance already in force, suppressed a number of joint boards, and turned over the state-owned public utilities (parcel post, telephones, telegraphs, and governmental railroad lines) to private enterprise. As a consequence, the nationalist ("white") trade unions, in their organ *Il Domani Sociale*, incited their members in a joint manifesto, on the eve of the elections, to vote against the Fascist "national list."

The most powerful personality among the Fascist dissidents is Deputy Cesare Forni. On the threshold of the present year he delivered a sensational speech of challenge and denunciation, declaring that "Mussolini has fallen among bad companions." The Prefect of Pavia urged him to name them. He named Cesare Rossi, Luigi Freddi, Aldo Finzi, and Francesco Giunta. The dissident press added to this list of "bad companions" General De Bono and Giovanni Marinelli. Of the six four are now under arrest as implicated in the Matteotti murder. On January 24, in his speech at the Palazzo Venezia, Mussolini expressly countenanced and vindicated the entire six: "The men denounced as the bad counselors of the good tyrant are five or six men who report to me in person every morning. I herewith make distinct avowal that I look upon them as my closest collaborators and fellow-burdenbearers, who share with me the salt bread of direct responsibility for the acts of the Fascist administration. I declare in your presence that I owe them the deepest sentiments of gratitude and affection."

Another of the Matteotti murderers, Amerigo Dumini, vindicated Mussolini's "bad companions" in a more literal sense of the term; together with three stalwarts of the "regulars," he set upon Forni at a railroad depot. Forni, a man of powerful build, succeeded in knocking down one assailant and, with the help of bystanders, in driving the others to flight, after receiving a severe beating.

Beset by the enmity of at least two-thirds of the nation, and in the midst of fierce contentions among the Fascists, Mussolini entered upon the election campaign last spring. The deputies of his own list, in keeping with a cult of Fascismo—that of *giovannezza* (youth)—were largely fire-eaters below the age of thirty, without any parliamentary experience to speak of, and thoroughly resolved to have a good time hustling, insulting, outshouting, and challenging the deputies of the Opposition.

Mussolini's bearing at the opening session of the Chamber was the strangest imaginable mixture of defiance and propitiation. He delivered his opening speech in a gorgeous fancy dress of his own invention, looking somewhat like a Gilbert-Sullivan Admiral of the Queen's Navee.

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For all his bullying airs, he knew that presently the election would be shown up, with a crushing wealth of evidential material, as a huge fraud, a nation-wide orgy of forgery, intimidation, and coercion. His prefects, his *carabinieri*, his militia, his centurions and fighting gangs, several days before election day, had turned hell loose against all adversaries of the administration. He knew that at least a hundred mandates of the "national list" would be plainly shown to be invalid. He also knew who would place the evidence invalidating the elections before Italy and the world. The person designated by the radical Opposition as attorney general in the trial, about to begin, of Fascist governmental corruption was Giacomo Matteotti, Deputy for Rovigo, who had been banished from Rovigo some time before his election by an arbitrary decree of the local Fascisti. Matteotti collected a formidable volume of incriminating evidence concerning the governmental election frauds, the Fascist orgies of violence after the elections, and the personal corruption of some of those who were sharing with the dictator "the salt bread of direct responsibility," namely:

Amerigo Dumini, founder of the Fascist movement of Tuscany and professional gunman of the party; leader of many "punitive expeditions"; implicated in the attack upon the Villa Nitti and the assaults upon the deputies Forni, Misuri, and Amendola. After Mussolini's accession to power he secured a lucrative post as traveling inspector of the Fascist *Corriere Italiano*. About to be exposed by Matteotti as a smuggler of arms to Jugoslavia.

Albino Volpi, another of the assailants of Forni; one of the charter members of Mussolini's Fascio in Milan; chief of the Fascist after-election terror in Milan, where, two days after the election, he and his gang raided a gathering of a hundred unarmed citizens, beating them and leaving fifteen seriously wounded on the pavement.

Filippo Filipelli, editor of the *Corriere Italiano;* Cesare Rossi, chief of Mussolini's press bureau; and Giovanni Marinelli, general secretary of the Fascist board of directors—the three "oil corruptionists" of the American press dispatches.

To keep the murder motive clear from wrong conjectures: there was nothing in Matteotti's record or personal traits to make him a conspicuous target for Fascist vindictiveness. A moderate Socialist, a follower of Turati, he had persistently advised against counter-attacks during the Fascist terror. He was known as a declared enemy of communism, a scholarly jurist, a courteous intellectual without any personal contentions on his hands. He was slain for three reasons: because he countered the move of Mussolini, who wanted 320 mandates declared valid *en bloc*, by revealing the true story of the elections; because he was about to incriminate the chief participants in the after-election acts of terrorism; and because, if suffered to live, he would have forced judicial action against the main corruptionists about the dictator. That, but for the daggers and bullets of his murderers, he would have invalidated enough mandates to deprive the Government of its majority, admits of no doubt.

To mention only a few of the events in connection with the elections, two days beforehand a circular letter of the administration enjoined all employees of the post, telegraph, and telephone systems to vote the "national list" on pain of dismissal. In Girgenti the Catholic (Popolari) municipal authorities were suspended, and reinstated only upon a pledge that they would advise the population to vote the Fascist ticket. In Allesandria della Rocco a police commissioner appeared before the municipal authorities, threatening to return on election day with fifty Fascist militiamen "to crush the skull of everyone not voting the Fascist ticket"—whereupon the entire magistracy resigned. The Fascio of Sciacca, on April 2, openly declared that it would throw out all anti-Fascist ballots, and—to make assurance doubly sure—that it would cast Fascist votes for those former inhabitants that had emigrated to foreign parts. In Campobello di Licata the Fascist militia dosed the chief of Popolari with castor oil, gave him a severe beating, and threatened to do the like to everyone staying away from the polls on election day or voting a ticket other than "the national list." In Mestre the Socialist candidate Vallemari was threatened with death in case of acceptance of the nomination. In Melfi the oppositionist Deputy Di Napoli was forced, by Fascist threats, to abandon his campaign and to leave the town. In Chieti, the Socialist candidate Calliano Magno was first kept under restraint in his house, then beaten by an officer of the Fascist militia and forced to leave town. Four dailies of the Fascist dissidents were suspended by administrative decree, among them *La Sicilia* in Messina and *Il Risveglio* in Pavia, where the anti-administration officials of the communal magistracy were forced to resign. The entire electorate of Apulian and other towns were driven out of town on election day by *carabinieri* or Fascist militia, the local Fascisti stuffing the ballot boxes. All rural clergymen of certain Tuscan districts were forced by *carabinieri*, "looking them up" in their homes, to do Fascist electioneering among their flocks.

On May 30 the Verification Committee on Mandates proposed to the Chamber the validation *en bloc* of 320 mandates. Matteotti fired his opening round, giving a first instalment of his revelations on the elections. The young stalwarts of the Right insulted him and the Opposition in general, and the session closed with a free fight.

Two days later, on June 1, Mussolini's personal organ, the *Popolo d'Italia,* incited to physical violence against Matteotti. His speech in the Chamber, it said, was provocative and deserving of a more tangible acknowledgment than the vituperative epithet leveled at him by a Fascist Deputy. The Premier's vindication of the election before the Chamber of Deputies, a few days later, was unique in its Latin artlessness—not to say effrontery: should a million and a half of the votes cast for the "national list" be found fraudulent or cast under physical coercion, even then the Fascist party would still be the rightful representative of the nation. He had the assurance to continue: "You of the Opposition complain that you were restrained from holding free election meetings. What of that? Such meetings are of no avail anyway." A second broadside of Matteotti, dealing with the election doings of the Premier's personal cronies, and with their transactions in the realm of high finance, would probably have shaken even this extreme of governmental brass. It was not to be. No chance was given him for further and weightier disclosures. On June 10 he was kidnapped by five assassins, among them the Florentine gunman Dumini, and was shot and stabbed to death. Up to the fifteenth, the fiction of a mere abduction of Matteotti alive was maintained by the Government. On the fifteenth Mussolini abandoned this position and owned to a certainty of Matteotti's death.

Matteotti had to die because he was about to prove, what his death has proved beyond rational dispute, that Italy has lost its rank as a nation with a representative government.

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The New Education

By AGNES DE LIMA

III. Following the Child's Lead

At its annual meeting on May 17 an ambitious proposal was made by the Teachers Union of New York. Following an intensive study of the leading private experimental schools in and near the city, the union has outlined and is prepared to submit to the city board of education a scheme for establishing a similar experimental center in the public-school system. The proposal deserves particular consideration because it comes not from outsiders but from a group of workers who have labored long to apply the ordinary methods of instruction. These methods, according to the union, have brought public-school education to a condition of stagnation. Children are turned into automatons by the artificial discipline of drill as an end in itself; they are robbed of their childhood by having to conform to adult standards of thought and behavior; their individual and creative tendencies are smothered by the rigid curriculum to which all must submit; they soon develop antagonistic attitudes toward their work, toward their teacher, their associates, and life in general.

In the school which the union seeks to have established "the boys and girls will reconstruct their experiences in a boys' or girls' world. . . . The environment will be such as to liberate and organize their capacities through self-initiated, self-directed, wholehearted, purposeful activities. In this way they will be able to experience the sheer joy of living. The curriculum will be as varied, rich, and fluid as life itself." The union observes that in experimental schools conducted on this basis children learn the "fundamentals"—the three R's—better than under the traditional methods. This has been determined by the use of objective standardized tests. The many other gains made by the children become apparent if one makes the slightest examination of what these newer schools have to offer.

The experimental centers which served as models for the union's program included the City and Country School and the Walden School in New York City. The City and Country School was founded (as the Play School) by Caroline Pratt in 1914. The Walden School was started by Margaret Naumburg in 1916 and is now directed by Margaret Pollitzer and Elizabeth Goldsmith. To the extent that they serve to revitalize and raise the standard of public-school procedure, these schools have a significance far beyond the education of the limited number of children who attend them.

In both schools, questions relating to curriculum are of secondary consideration and emphasis is laid upon the child's present needs and his innate capacities and interests. The outstanding purpose is to help the children to evolve a world of their own in which they will think, act, and express themselves on their own level. Book learning as an end is discouraged, especially in the early years, for it represents at best vicarious experience. Instead, children are given every opportunity to obtain first-hand contact with the world about them and are given ample and varied materials with which to express their own fresh reactions to these contacts. This involves, of course, the abandonment of fixed recitation periods, of assigned lessons, of immovable desks and immovable children. Freedom from constraint, however, does not mean that the pupils "run wild." Indeed, they hold to their self-chosen tasks with a concentration and absorption rarely found in the ordinary schoolroom, where the slightest interruption—the flapping of a blind or the creaking of a door—is sufficient to shift the whole base of the attention of the class. To those inured to the stereotyped and poverty-stricken responses of children brought up in the conventional environment, the creative achievement of the pupils of these newer schools seems almost incredible. This is most dramatically evident in the field of the plastic arts, where the work in drawing, painting, and pottery achieves a standard of high professional merit. Striking work is done in music, in rhythm, and in imaginative writing.

Characteristic of these schools are the lengthening of the school day and the extension of the school's influence to the earliest years of childhood. With the growing recognition on the part of psychologists, physicians, and child-welfare workers generally of the supreme importance of infancy and earliest childhood, nursery schools have been established in many centers which are concerned with studying early growth and habit formation and making certain that they proceed along wholesome lines. Both the City and Country and Walden schools admit babies as soon as they can walk, and the former has provisions for their all-day care. Both schools also maintain a careful and scientific system of record-keeping, covering every possible detail of procedure and of individual and social development. Since the schools are experimental these records are invaluable as means of checking achievement, as well as for the light they shed on hitherto unexplored fields of child growth.

While the two schools have thus much in common, their method of approach is very different. In so far as classification is possible for either, it may be said that the City and Country School has been influenced by the teaching of behaviorist psychology and the Walden School by that of analytic psychology. Now the psychologist who is concerned chiefly with the science of human behavior declares that the individual can be trained to withstand most of the shocks and disasters of life by being properly "conditioned" in early childhood—by having the right instead of the wrong sensory stimuli presented to him and acquiring early the proper habits of response. The analytic psychologist is also concerned with childhood, but chiefly because of the mechanism of the unconscious to which he believes are relegated the unpleasant incidents of life, especially those of early youth.

Now, it will not do to draw any fine psychological distinctions between the City and Country and Walden schools, but in general terms it might be said that the former is interested in what children do, how they act, and what use they make of their environment, whereas the latter school is mostly concerned with underlying motive and emotional make-up. This does not mean that one school hopes to develop objective and the other subjective types of people, nor that in one school children will grow up mainly

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interested in materials and in the other mainly interested in introspective and personal relationships, but the differences between the two schools have this general trend.

Miss Pratt's behaviorist "slant" is well shown in these sentences from her forthcoming book on the City and Country School to be published by E. P. Dutton:

> We are not willing to be dominated or have the children dominated by subject matter. We wish them to form strong habits of first-hand research and to use what they find; we want them to discover relationships in concrete matter so that they will know that they exist when they deal with abstract forms. We want them to have a fine motor experience because they themselves are motor and to get and retain what they get through bodily perceptions.

Miss Pratt has developed her curriculum very much more completely than has the Walden School. As the result of ten years' testing of her theories she is now prepared to assert that certain activities are better performed at certain age levels than at others. For example, seven-year-old children in her school always have for their main enterprise for the year the building of a miniature city in permanent form, just as at six they reproduce the city in block form. At seven, the children construct wooden houses, which they paint, furnish, and wire, they lay out streets, trolley lines, and waterways with a full quota of boats. At eight, the children run the supply store for the school, taking complete charge of all orders and accounting for the money. While not an advocate of formal programs, Miss Pratt believes that the programs of successive years should bear definite relationship to one another and that one year's activities should grow naturally from those of the years preceding. At seven, she also has the children begin their work in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Before that age is reached they have acquired some number sense and a limited ability to recognize written symbols. But at seven, she has discovered, they become more concerned with realities, their drive becomes more conscious, they emerge from the merely play world, and desire to be taught. To those who have made a fetish of sugarcoating the three R's, the story of one youngster is instructive. She reported enthusiastically to her mother one day that spelling was her favorite subject. When her mother inquired whether that was because of some new way of teaching it the child replied: "Oh, no, Miss —— just says *do* it, and we do it!"

Drill is of course reduced to a minimum. For the most part information is acquired naturally as the children carry on their enterprises. For example, children who cannot perform the necessary operations in arithmetic cannot hold the coveted posts of salespeople in the school store. Geography may be said to start with the three- and four-year-olds. The little ones learn to go about the school and to locate their room with reference to the rest of the building. Later they venture out into the streets and locate the school. Excursions to parks, markets, docks, bridges, public buildings broaden their knowledge of their immediate world and furnish material for reconstruction in block, clay, story, or pictorial form. Their inquiries about everything with which they come into contact leads to their acquiring an immense amount of information not found in textbooks. Miss Pratt is far less interested in having the children learn the States of the Union and their capitals than to have them discover the interrelation of different parts of trade and industry and our dependence upon them. "In building a body of what the schools call 'general information' unrelated to the child's experience, they build of straw." The six-year-old group who paid repeated visits to a Cuban steamer each time it docked accumulated a vivid store of material about Cuba which formal instruction would never have provided.

Miss Pratt has occasionally been criticized for limiting the development of imagination by keeping the children too much in the present and giving them too much concrete material. Her answer is that the first-hand experiences of children contain the factual elements necessary to art. "Vivid auditory and perceptive images come from vivid experiences." Children who can observe deeply, whose interests are kept live, and who remain sensitive to new impressions cannot be lacking in imaginative power. As a matter of fact, the imaginative plays, drawings, and writings of the older groups in the school are of a high order. The twelve-year-old class has recently given a performance of Euripides's "Alcestis" which would do credit to maturer students. Their back-drop and costumes, their original music played on lyres made in the school-shop were delightfully executed. There is, thinks Miss Pratt, too much vicarious living, too much vicarious enjoyment in our civilization. Children if taken young enough and helped to develop their own creative purposes will establish habits of being motivated from within, which is the only way in which original and artistic work can be achieved.

In the Walden School there is no attempt to define activities at given age levels, although of necessity older children demand more formal instruction. Groups, according to Miss Pollitzer, are no more alike than the individuals composing them. A class of six-year-olds may be interested in studying boats one year and may embark upon an intensive study of waterways or of transportation. The following year the sixes may, because of summer-camp experience, become interested in primitive life and organization. "The school," says she, "is the child's world and the course of study evolves out of the problems and interests arising from the immediate community life, leading to further and further realms of study." This apparently hit-or-miss method of attacking subject matter does not leave the gaps in knowledge which one might expect. The children uniformly measure up extremely well in all the standard achievement tests and have a store of information frequently far in advance of their years. Some of the courses initiated by them are immensely interesting. This winter, for example, the oldest group, also twelve years old, has been studying anthropology with the help of Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser of the New School for Social Research. The course developed from an initial visit to wholesale markets and observation of the immigrant peoples in them. This led to a discussion of races and their cultures and various experts were invited by the children to address them on these subjects. Dr. Goldenweiser's material on the Iroquois Indians so interested them that they asked him to return and the course thus gradually developed. The stenographic notes of the sessions show an amazing intellectual acumen and range of knowledge on the part of the students. They discussed such topics as primitive cultures, taboos, superstition, religion, morality, inheritance of acquired characteristics, and toward the end of the first term outlined a text on anthropology for children, since no satisfactory one exists.

In the free environment of the school art flourishes naturally. The paintings of the children of the Walden

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School have been on exhibit for successive years at leading art galleries of the city and have attracted an unusual amount of attention from artists and professional critics who have been astonished at the originality, the design, the feeling for composition, the richness and color of the work. The children are given no formal instruction and no models, but are from the earliest years provided with large drawing-sheets and appropriate color materials. An artist spends one day each week with the older children, not to impose his ideas, but to inspire them and give any necessary technical assistance.

Similarly the wood-and-linoleum cuts made by the children are of a high artistic order. In this connection it is worth noting that the process of woodcut-making was come upon by chance by a girl of ten working in the school-shop. A printing press had just been acquired and she was intrigued by the possibility of reproducing type in wood. She hollowed out a letter from a block of wood and discovered that it would print. She thereupon decided that if a letter would reproduce, so also would a design, and soon everyone in the school, faculty members included, were enthusiastically making woodcuts. Later linoleum was selected as material more easily handled by children.

In one sense neither Miss Pratt's nor the Walden School is experimental. These happy, vitalized children whom one observes in them are proof enough that what these schools are achieving is of supreme social worth. Bertrand Russell recently remarked that public schools have long demonstrated the possibility of giving instruction without education, that, in fact, any schoolmaster who was caught educating was quickly "given the sack." With the growth of schools like these, and with the gradual incorporation of their principles in the public-school system, it may come to pass that education and instruction will become identical—a thing never before achieved under the sun.

Reading on Shipboard

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

IT is, as every voyager knows, not only "things rich and strange" that "do suffer a sea-change." Eggs, bread, butter, on any ship, save those great floating Ritz-Carltons which are not real ships at all, have an unforgettable and unvarying difference from those same articles of food ashore. And what man who has made any sort of journey by water will forget the extraordinary difference in the appearance of his fellow-passengers, when at the end of the trip they appear panoplied once again in the normality of their shore-going apparel? Even our books are in some mysterious way different.

I am setting forth no mere academic theory. I know whereof I speak, having recently spent twenty-nine days as the only passenger on a freight-boat loaded mainly with beans from Madagascar and raisins from the Cape. The officers were kind, but busy; the meals, at 8 a. m., 12:30, and 6 in the evening, were not of a nature to linger over; the sports, concerts, deck-games, and other diversions of a passenger liner did not exist. The promenade deck was about as long as the average dining-room of a New York apartment-house. "You'll have plenty of time for a good rest," said my friends. They were correct.

We ran out of Cape Town harbor into a cold wind, a gray, tumbled sea, and a heavy swell. Neither beans nor raisins were present below the hatches in sufficient quantities to ballast the ship to any great extent. She rolled when there was nothing particular to roll about, and tangoed when there was. Under such circumstances the mere physical processes of reading became complicated to an unforeseen extent. The deck was cold and wind-swept; a couple of rubber bands, the purser's device, kept the pages flat, and a rug fortified one against the weather. Still, matters were difficult. The lop-sided swell could not leave a digestion not yet seaworthy altogether unaffected; there was urgent need of books that should absorb the mind and cheat the eye into forgetfulness alike of the dancing skyline and of the fact that we had still, with any luck, twenty-seven to thirty days ahead of us.

In this uneasy plight it seemed natural to fall back in the first place to the new novels among my collection. There was Arnold Bennett's latest, "Riceyman Steps." The gray narrative, artistically a reversion to an earlier manner, and much the gainer thereby, did hold the attention. Here was the Arnold Bennett of that great novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," of that great beginning, "Clayhanger." Gray story to gray sky, the book went well enough; only as it drew to an end, I was beset by an insistent and annoying half-memory. Where had I met that gentle, exquisite, inarticulate servant-girl before? Suddenly I remembered Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple," of which she is the heroine. And I thought of "Esther Waters," that perfect story, and was glad for the fiftieth time that it is one of George Moore's works published at a price within the reach of poor folks' purses, and angry for the fiftieth time to think of those beautiful books he has published latterly at a price impossible to all except plutocrats and public libraries.

D. H. Lawrence's "England, My England" did not go so well. Its concupiscent landscape and hot-cheeked women seemed in the stark purity of rain-washed air, five hundred miles off the land, faintly nauseating. Not all the splendor of his craftsmanship could nullify the oppressiveness of an obsession which, if one does not happen to share it, is of all obsessions the least interesting. How tonic to turn from this heaviness to the frank indecencies and incomparable wit of Congreve's "The Way of the World," lately revived in London, and hence republished in a cheap edition. How ponderous, how underbred, our modern "daring" comedies seem when read beside a page of this dialogue. Here is wit in one short scene sufficient to make the fortune of any modern playwright. Even Oscar Wilde's brilliant sallies, dealt out impartially to all his characters like a round of cards, are less spontaneous, less delightful than Congreve's. And how charming Millamant is, and how alive, from that moment of her entrance in which Mirabell, watching her approach, says "Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders." . . . How is it that young actresses do not pant to play Millamant? She is adorable. She has youth and breeding, wit and charm, nor has her creator left her divested of the beauty of pathos. It is the

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measure of Congreve's overstepping of the Sheridans and Oscar Wildes that he has a feeling for the tears of things. A well-known critic who recently watched a perfect Millamant's first-night performance says that at one speech of hers, at the beginning of the famous proposal-scene, she had her audience all but weeping.

> My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I then bid you adieu? Ay-h, adieu. My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye douceurs, ye sommeils de matin, adieu. I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible. . . .

What exquisite lines to speak, or to listen to, adequately spoken! But they would be a singularly searching test of fitness; to sentimentalize them would be a gross vulgarization; the slightest undertone of flippancy or suggestiveness would make havoc of them. They hold the cry of all girlhood, spoken through the lips of a lady and a wit.

The mere elegance of Congreve's men and women was a refreshment to the spirit on that journey. Indeed, any book which held the atmosphere or described the details of life as it is lived with an infusion of the amenities was welcome. The cockroaches were so large and friendly. A Phillips Oppenheim novel of Monte Carlo, teeming with wonderful clothes, superlative lunch parties, and beaufully groomed Englishmen, helped one to forget, if taken immediately after a meal, what the prunes tasted like, and what salmon mayonnaise, of the reddest and yellowest, looks like, eaten on the same cold plate and at the same time with hot roast beef. And provided one were not too hungry or too qualmish, there were always the feasts provided at Combraye by the incomparable Françoise for the strange, sensitive, unhappy child of Proust's first and most wonderful volume.

Our good ship steadied down as the temperature rose, and the deep blue of Southern latitudes stole into the waters. The fact that it was possible once more to sleep in comfort lifted a tension from us all. The sailors sang at their work, and leaned against the railings to swap yarns and watch the flying-fish. The cook recovered from the effects of a too-sudden reintroduction to prohibition, and gave us something that was not rice pudding for dessert. Books and writing materials began to remain approximately where one placed them. At night, Venus, low down near the horizon, shone with a radiance that burned a golden track in the dark, still sea to rival the paler, broader path of the moon.

In the contented languor of the golden hours, not to be spoiled even by the sticky heat of the doldrums, one's mind turned inevitably to the blessed band of leisurely, long-winded writers. All through the still, breathless nights, when the pillows were little, square, red-hot stones, and the electric fan was a bad practical joke, Moby Dick spouted and disappeared, was spoken of in whispers and rose on the surface to do his deadly work. It is a great book. On land, where time is precious, Melville's florid divagations and inflated apostrophes are apt to prove somewhat irritating; but at sea, in the second week of a month's voyage, time has no value, and little existence except as a convention, so that the sheer bulk in the hand of "Moby Dick" was at once a promise and a pleasure.

Then, by way of contrast, I had a beautiful book, redolent of woodland glades, the aromatic fragrance of wood shavings, and the timeless quietude of the Surrey countryside. This was George Sturt's "The Wheelwright's Shop," printed and bound as the Cambridge University Press knows how. George Sturt, in 1884, entered upon the management of the wheelwright's shop which had been his grandfather's before him. In 1920, paralyzed but "for the first time a free man," having sold out to his partner, he began to write books, of which this account of an old and moribund folk industry is the third. The shop turned out farm wagons of various types, the photographs of which show a singular shapeliness, the comeliness that is the product of an all but forgotten craftsmanship, loving and knowledgable, exercised from the first careful selection of the trees to the last nailing into place of the wrought-iron or wooden "strouter." Mr. Sturt gives us his account of the shop and its activities and his own special share in them in the simplest, quietest of ways. Since, however, he loves that whereof he writes, and is much more concerned (tell it not in Greenwich Village) with it than he is with himself or his "reactions" to it, he has managed to depict for us a section of English country life, very beautiful and almost extinct, as vividly as any novel could have done. Incidentally, he has left us a most valuable social document, one, moreover, especially delightful to ponder over when the eye is satiated with purple sky melting into purple sea, and the ear with the never-ceasing swash of the waves against the ship's sides.

> The expeditions to buy oak were always in the late spring or the summer. The bark had been stripped then—it stood in big brown stacks beside the shining butter-colored "sticks" or butts of timber, where they lay in the brambles and newly springing fern. The "lop and top"—the branches and twigs—had also been stacked, the bigger branches into cordwood, good for fires, the smaller—the twiggy boughs—into "bavins" or "sprays" such as bakers want for their ovens or potters for their kilns. So, the ground was clear enough for the wheelwright to examine his trees, and to measure them if he bought. . . . His quest took him into sunny woodland solitudes, amongst unusual things and with country men of a shy type. . . . As I pushed through some brambles . . . and came to a patch of spurge (or it may have been a mist of blue-bells), the tall young forester who was showing me the oak-trees suddenly dropped forward his full length without bending; and when he stood up he had got a rabbit in his hands.

The days passed. We moved out of the doldrums into the white scurries and sudden changes of the trade-winds. The air grew cooler and the water darker. In this less languorous weather I embarked upon the curious adventures of Master Johann Dietz, born in Halle in the year 1665, surgeon in the army of the Great Elector, and barber to the Royal Court. Dr. Ernst Consentius first published this chronicle taken from the old manuscript in the Royal Library of Berlin, and Bernard Miall, the versatile translator who has recently given us such charming new volumes of Anatole France, has translated the surgeon-barber into English. It is a fascinating autobiography; he is as frank as Pepys, as naively certain of the Almighty's special protection and interest as Benvenuto Cellini. And Master Johann Dietz had interesting experiences, not only as an army surgeon and plague doctor, but also as surgeon on a whaling-ship. The original title of his book, comment upon which is superfluous, gives more of its peculiar flavor than could many pages of description.

> Master Johann Dietz
> Being
> The faithful Description of his Life written by himself Relating all that he endured in the Campaign against the Turks in the Arctic Ocean

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in German cities and countrysides among Soldiers,
Robbers and peaceful Citizens Young Maidens and
Apparitions he finally settling down in Halle,
his native City where he married two Wives and
all that he suffered in this World.

Master Dietz's unvarnished "description" of siege and plague, storm and battle was finished by me just in the nick of time. It was impossible not to enjoy his company immensely while it lasted. But when the gales which gave New York an April blizzard, and which traveled our way at ninety miles an hour, had struck our ship, his artless materialism would have been somewhat overpowering. It grew so rough that to the roll and pitch we had already experienced was added the continual jarring shock and shuddering subsidence of the ship as her propeller lifted out of the water, hung, and plunged again. Sitting and standing were difficult; even lying in one's bunk meant to be buffeted from side to side continuously; the captain, during the worst night of all, was pitched almost head over heels as he lay asleep. In the saloon the chairs with their occupants slid across and back again, accompanied at times by every glass, plate, and bit of cutlery on the table. Everyone was very kind to me. The white-haired first mate, in his gentle voice, told me "seasick" stories of incredible antiquity and great realism; the assistant engineer laid bets with himself as to my chances of turning up at the next meal; the purser lent me a volume containing all of Strindberg's most macabre plays. As the storm closed in it grew colder and colder, windier and windier, so that the deck was impossible.

I fled then to my cabin, armed with Wilfrid Gibson's "Kestrel Edge." Of his harsh, beautiful, undecorated blank verse I can say nothing higher than that it was possible to finish "Lover's Leap," the finest play in the volume, and take up "Julius Caesar," unread since my school-days, without any feeling of passing from small things to great. "Lover's Leap" is a great play, and, without a single purple patch, unmistakable poetry. But after all, Shakespeare is the man for a long voyage. Here indeed, as Dryden said of Chaucer, is God's plenty. What need I care for the storm when "Macbeth" went so gloriously with it? In the silver fog and bleak rawness that presently succeeded to it, the sheer, adorable, useful high spirits of "Love's Labor's Lost" sparkled more exquisitely than ever. And then I lost time and place in "Antony and Cleopatra." The siren might do its worst, the tackle for the unloading of the cargo bump and rattle as it please, the voices forward quicken and rise in the excitement of nearing land. The Comic Spirit arranged that in the most moving scene of all, the last dialogue of the two regal lovers, just as Antony had sighed out,

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little,

I was hailed by the captain's shout to come out and have a look at "the rum fleet." Half hidden in the mist, a baker's dozen of schooners dipped and swayed against the horizon on all sides of us, while from one of them a black speck of a boat shot like a bullet across the dark, oily water. The twenty-nine days were over.

A Strike Against the Government

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

SIXTEEN hundred postal employees in Toronto, Canada, marched triumphantly back to work on June 29, after an eleven-day strike, headed by a band of bagpipes playing the "Cock of the North," with the strike leaders carried aloft on the shoulders of the crowd. With 2,000 postal employees in three other cities—Montreal, Windsor, and Moncton, N. B.—they had stuck with a solidarity which amazed even themselves. They had paralyzed the nerve-centers of the postal service. After ten tense days of negotiation they had all won back their places without discrimination against their leaders, and with a gentlemen's agreement that the Government would promptly consider revision of the intolerable wage of $85 a month.

To Americans who were visiting Toronto it seemed impossible—3,500 men on strike against the Government, picketing government post offices day and night without interference by police or the courts, without an hysterical press campaign against "Bolshevism," "revolution," or "treason," and with public support outside labor ranks from many ministers, some newspapers, and even the Board of Trade! The 3,500 men who stuck, out of the 6,000 original strikers, returned to their jobs after repeated government announcements that they had all been "fired," "discharged," or "replaced," and after the Minister of Labor had publicly stated on the second day that they would "not be taken back until hell freezes over." Apparently it froze in ten days.

A French strike leader from Montreal, speaking brokenly but with heat at a Toronto meeting and apologizing "for to speak such bad words," said that "Canada had her first revolution in 1837. The second—she begin now. We go back not miserable civil servants, but free Canadian citizens."

Yet they were conventionally patriotic. After drubbing the Government for hours, they would all reverently stand at the close of strike meetings and sing with real feeling "God Save the King." Many of the postal employees, at least in Toronto, are returned soldiers, still afflicted with war delusions. One visitor who attempted to address them and who said "I wasn't in the war—I used my head," aroused such antagonism that he was put off the platform. The strikers' songs were chiefly the popular soldier songs of war days. Toronto is a conservative city, the heart of Tory Canada. The Labor member of Parliament from Winnipeg, who was on the platform and who did not join in "God Save the King," said that in western Canada at labor meetings they no longer sang it. "We sing the 'Red Flag' instead," he said, "just as they do in England."

More than half the strikers had never been in a union before. This was their first strike, yet they behaved like veterans. Only some sixty men quit their ranks in the eleven days, despite government announcements that their seniority would be lost, their places filled, and despite the crumbling of the strike in every city but four. There was very little strike relief, and no hope of other jobs in the face of widespread unemployment. The tie-up of mail service in the four cities disorganized the whole postal

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system; 3,500 men standing firm out of the 10,000 postal employees won whatever was won for the whole body of miserably underpaid workers. The minimum wage is $85 a month for all new men, which is little more than half the minimum cost of living for a small family as estimated by the Canadian Department of Labor and less than three-fourths the postal wage of similar men in the United States.

The immediate cause of the strike was a revision of the salary scale by the Civil Service Commission under which the war bonuses were largely dropped. The men demanded a minimum of only $1,260 a year, against the present $1,020.

An extraordinary factor in the strike was the widespread public support in the four centers. In Toronto the strikers got their case across by house-to-house distribution of some 75,000 handbills and by public parades, in one of which strikers' children made the appeal with placards reading: "Would you trust a man with your mail who took my daddy's job?" The tie-up of all local mail gave these strikers the advantage, as their chairman put it, of "not giving the other side a chance to flood the mails with propaganda."

Even the Toronto Board of Trade actively worked for a fair settlement. The press was commended by the strikers as fair. Six ministers of as many denominations spoke at strike meetings, and prayers for fair treatment were offered in many churches following a printed circular appeal by the strike committee. Liberal Party leaders espoused the strikers' cause, laboring with the pompous officials at Ottawa who refused "to deal with strikers." The employees on the Canadian National Railways threatened that they would not touch mail handled by strike-breakers. Strike-breaking letter-carriers were assaulted by persons to whom they tried to deliver letters. The hose was turned on them. Pickets followed them. They all quit after a day's trial. At the final strike meeting the loudest shout went up when the chairman called for a cheer for "the lady who got arrested for beating up a strike-breaker." Only one case of violence by a striker was reported in Toronto.

Strike-breakers were commonly referred to as "cuckoos," an improvement in exactness over most strike epithets. They were not allowed to rest easily in their stolen nests. The postmaster recruited some six hundred of them, many said to be university students just out of school for summer vacation, but they were totally unable to move the mountains of accumulated mail, and the day-and-night picket line outside the post office did not help their morale. Although thousands are unemployed in Canada, the men organized in the Unemployed Association refused to "scab." In appreciation of their stand the impoverished postal employees took up a collection for them at a strike meeting. The police, who are organized in a non-strike union, were sympathetic, and there was no interference whatsoever. In Windsor, the mayor himself was the strikers' chief spokesman.

The high morale necessary to "stick it through" was a combination of crowd pressure, desperation, and the certainty of being right. At the last meeting genuine sorrow was voiced that it was over; that the uplifting spirit of fighting together would be dissolved into humdrum routine. They knew they had won together a power that would serve them beyond this strike. The men's attitude toward the Government was tellingly illustrated in the final strike meeting. In the face of the Government's announcement, made known at 3:30 p.m. Sunday, that they would all be taken back at 4 o'clock, they simply took their time about closing up the strike. They even indulged in hearing a religious solo, "Jerusalem" (with all three verses), in which the whole crowd joined. They arrived in a body at the post office at 6:30 o'clock. But they were insistent on showing their loyalty to the postal service. They felt that it belonged to them. A resolve was taken in meeting to "clean up all mail, if it meant working 24, 48, or 72 hours on a stretch—to show the public and the Government that we are the only men who can do the job."

The strike audience was quick. It responded instantly to every emotion. It made fine distinctions. It kept its own order, supporting at all times an intense, sawed-off little chairman with a small voice, but with a hard will and an eloquent gavel. One of the Federation officials in advocating acceptance of the Government's terms became too moved to go on when he sketched a picture of the unity and sacrifice of the men in the four cities. In dead silence, looking down, he stood flicking the ash from his cigar. Then the whole audience let go the tension, and broke out into a tumult of understanding applause. From it he got power, and went on. At another tense moment the chairman singled out two men standing in the balcony. "Who are you?" he shouted. The men turned to leave. "Lock the doors," he directed. Then one turned back to explain in a trembling voice that he was just a visitor living at a hotel near by. "Follow them home," ordered the Chair, "and see if they live there. If they don't, bring them back." Scores of men rushed to follow them. "Here, there," shouted the Chair. "We don't need two hundred. Two's enough." Tension broke; the crowd roared; and business went on. When the final proceedings were on, the Chair called a striker to the platform to explain in sign language to the deaf-mutes among them just what it was all about. In sympathetic silence, save for one smart Alec who called "Not so loud," the whole audience followed his jumping fingers and broke into applause when he was done.

The Government's behavior all through was thick-headed. The Cabinet tried to maintain a lofty moral stand, outraged by an unwarranted strike which "bordered on treason." It refused point-blank to apply to its own employees the Industrial Disputes Act, for which, by the way, the Premier was getting an honorary degree from Yale the day the strike broke. The strike started off in bad form due to confusion as to whether or not it would actually take place in accordance with the strike vote, or whether the Government would concede the demands. The Government at first stuck by the Civil Service Commission, a heritage of the preceding Tory Government, but finally turned matters over to the Minister of Labor, who, in conference with the officials of the Canadian Federation of Postal Employees and Toronto leaders of the Liberal Party, conceded enough to get the men back. Whether the gentlemen's agreement to take up the salary scale again and readjust it in two months means what the strikers think it means, still remains to be seen. The Minister of Labor has since protested in Parliament that he conceded nothing and that the men misunderstood. But there are apparently private assurances that satisfy them. They have announced that they will strike again if the Government fails to deal promptly with their demands.

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In the Driftway

SMALL, odd, and little-known magazines and newspapers have a fascination for the Drifter that he often fails to find in more conventional—and successful—publications. These waifs of journalism possess a freedom, a spontaneity, an originality that is ironed out of the others. Hence the pleasure of the Drifter when he encountered the other day the *Fossil*, official publication of an organization known as the Fossils, or the Amateur Journalists of the Past. There is an old and enthusiastic organization in this country known as the National Amateur Press Association, the members of which get out little publications of various sorts just for the fun of it. Most of these amateur publishers are still in the first flush of youth. Later many find that getting out a newspaper isn't such fun after all, and quit. Some of these persons—with a secret love for their early ventures—have banded together as the Amateur Journalists of the Past. They get together for an annual dinner, and meanwhile read about one another in the *Fossil*. Fossil Smith and Fossil Brown they call each other, and the Drifter is told that nobody under fifty years of age is admitted. In a recent issue of the *Fossil* the Drifter finds the following:

There has recently been endowed in Philadelphia the Curtis Institute of Music through the generosity of Fossil Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher and philanthropist.

On the evening of April 5, 1924, in the cozy annex of the exclusive Metropolitan Club, in Washington, D. C., forty men prominent in American legal circles gave a dinner to Fossil James M. Beck, in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his admission to the bar.

Fossil William C. Sproul, former Governor of Pennsylvania, is a recently elected member of the [Trust Company of North America's] board of directors.

Fossil-Senator George H. Moses was defeated as a delegate-at-large to the Cleveland convention, and Fossil-in-Ordinary Frank H. Challis happened to be the man who handed Senator George the wallop..

* * * *

THE Drifter's outpourings in the issue of July 16 on the subject of women's names, the Lucy Stone League, and the way in which Old Spain had years ago adjusted the difficulty, has led a Chilean to send some further comment on the practice in Spanish-speaking countries:

As the Drifter suggests, the Spanish have used since long ago a formula conciliatory to manly pride and woman's new rights. After marriage a woman in the Spanish-speaking countries keeps her maiden name, dropping her mother's family name only then, to attach her husband's to it with the possessive particle *de* as the link between them. For the suspicious female, this *de* (of) may sound worse than nothing at all, considering that it means that Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez has become the property of Señor Martinez. But, as the Book says of wealth, what we possess in the same measure possesses us; and as the Spanish use the same particle in the nobiliary sense of being born to a land heritage, it can hardly be sustained that the name Señor Ponce de Leon suggests that he is owned by the house of Leon rather than being in the right sense the lord of it.

And, furthermore, we Spanish do not call a married woman by the cumbersome Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez—except in addressing an envelope. Her younger friends and her domestics alike will call her Señora Maria, *tout court*, or, better, Doña Maria. The romantic idea about everything Spanish would make everyone believe that we address one another as in the chivalrous stories. The fact is that in Spain and all over Spanish America, among other truly democratic practices, we treasure the custom of calling people by their first name, adding Don or Doña, which mixes in the right proportion a measure of affection and respect hardly conveyable in any other language. Thus a great writer like the late Don Benito Perez Galdós was merely Don Benito to his valet as well as to the head of the Madrid Government.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Snappy Journalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "How about this convention? I only enlisted for six months, not for duration. It isn't any fun any more."

Thus, after its ninth day, the genial Heywood Broun showed up the Democratic Convention and, incidentally, explained the columnists. Life is for them a Ziegfeld Follies or Charlot's Revue—it must have pungency, variety, and quick movement. The exactions of spicy and snappy and short paragraphs subject events to the necessity of being spicy and snappy and short. What business has a great presidential convention to drag on with slow-moving, powerful forces? We have other things calling for cinematographic comment than the travail of a great and historic party. There is a new Ziegfeld Follies, and Maughan's flight, and the Parisian Olympics, and much else already forgotten. But if we are to report the convention, then things ought to happen every minute! We ought to be able to dish up pungency daily—paprika swallowing the roast. After all, events are for columnists, not columnists for events. What matters that a long train of causes were operating and deep-rooted forces were slowly emerging, requiring time for clarification and expression? We can't wait. As well have asked a columnist to report Sherman's slow march to the sea, or Grant's campaigns of attrition, or the dreary, weary Battle of the Marne. We want action, and be damn quick about it, so that we can move on to the next action, like the restless motor caravans to Florida or California!

And the convention was no less a trial and a bore to the famous "special" writers. Take the best of them, like William Allen White, whose presence anywhere is like a benison. Being "special" they must give us a "special" stunt. Reporting events in the convention or "behind the scenes" isn't enough. That's a "regular" reporter's job! Esoteric interpretation is the specialty—the subtle stuff that escapes the garden variety, every-day-in-the-week reporter. "Bill" White gave us some amusing bits and some illumination (as, of course, did Heywood Broun), but he, too, felt the necessity of furnishing drama—and so he furnished it. Again it gets back to the pressure for "storiettes." He, too, must supply the short and simple annals for the poor in time. Events, therefore, have to be symmetrical and dramatic—symmetry and drama give simplicity and brevity. The great fight represented by McAdoo and Smith—which, one would suppose, to a considerable extent involved the moral issues raised by McAdoo's professional entanglements and standards since he left the Treasury—is wholly assimilated to the K. K. fight and the wet-and-dry issue, and so becomes a coherent, unified clash between Southern rural Puritanism and Northern urban Catholicism—or is it Paganism? What matters that Underwood of Alabama initiated the K. K. fight and forced the issue, or that Erwin of Georgia gave it most fearless voice in the convention? Moreover, simplicity and drama demand a *deus ex machina*—and so the K. K. issue was a mob creation! The sidewalks of New York stimulated the irrelevant row, and the galleries at the Garden precipitated it! That's dramatic reporting, "inside dope," proving that art is greater than these insignificant facts: (1) The four days' tussle before the Resolutions Committee, away from all galleries, in which the K. K. issue was

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insisted upon and could not be composed; (2) the chief promoter of a straight-out fight on the Klan was the least of gallery politicians, Oscar Underwood, supported (3) by Pettangall of Maine, who had forced the fighting in his own State and brought it to New York long before there was a gallery in the Garden.

Of course the Garden convention afforded endless material for the mere fun-maker and wit—for an Artemus Ward or a Swift. That's why among all the "special" writers Will Rogers carried off the laurels. He was plainly and completely out for fun and sauciness; he didn't pretend to interpret the news or to stick his pen below the surface to reality. But when it comes to the historians of the convention, the real news and insight for present-day readers and for future historians will be found in the unpretentious work of the dray horses of journalism, the daily chroniclers of daily happenings—stupid, slow, confused, struggling events—men like Michelson of the New York *World* and Oulihan of the New York *Times*.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 12 FELIX FRANKFURTER

Historical Parallels

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the serfs of Britain, Russia, and other countries of Europe were encouraged by little groups of radical persons to strive for freedom, conservative folk argued that the serfs were unfit for freedom; that they needed the protection and control of masters.

When Garrison, Phillips, and other radicals urged the emancipation of America's black slaves, conservative folk again argued that the slaves were unfit for freedom; that they, too, needed the protection and control of their masters.

Today, when Alice Paul and her little group of radical women urge a constitutional amendment to liberate women from a servile position under the laws of the Republic, conservative folk argue that women are not fit for equal liberty with men; that they need the "protection" and control of male law-makers and courts—their present-day masters.

Milwaukee, July 2 FRANK PUTNAM

The Nation Among Royalty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am always surprised to find how well known and respected *The Nation* is over here. The young ladies of the Wittelsbach family get your paper and read it religiously. I don't know that they are more intelligent than any other young women I have met here, but it tickled me to find Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Wittelsbachers reading anything as hugely defiant and forward-looking as *The Nation*. More power to you.

Venice, May 15 A. H. H.

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES FUCHS was associate editor of *Pearson's Magazine*.

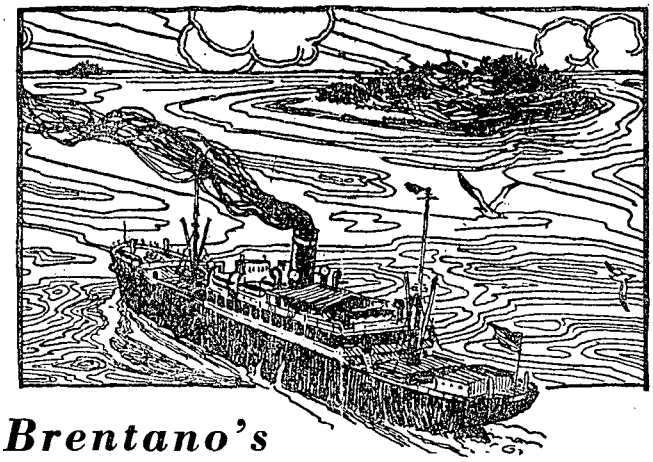
RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a resident of Cape Town who has recently visited the United States.

ROGER N. BALDWIN is director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is an anthropologist and psychologist and a lecturer at the New School of Social Research at New York.

JOHN M. GAUS, who resigned from Amherst in protest against President Meiklejohn's leaving, is now professor of political science at the University of Minnesota.

JOHN B. WATSON is known for his work in behaviorist psychology.



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Two Sonnets

By ROBERT L. WOLF

Giddy

"Because from this small coign too high for sound
Save the caw-cawing of a rusty crow;
Down to those neat red roof-trees, row on row,
One flung himself, in self-contempt, and found
The whistling—the enormous surging ground
Quietly intercepted, and a slow
Roll of sweet mist, while angel hands below,
Above, on all sides, softly pressed around:

"Shall I, who lean one hand upon this wall
Sheer down to where the dotted midgets move,
Vault over now, invoking for a fall
Deliberate and planned—indulgent love . . . ?"
He shook the swimming brightness from his head—
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," he said.

Open Ocean

We two who found the haven snug and safe—
The riding faultless, sheltered, pleasant, warm,
Learn now at last how any rope must chafe,
And put to sea again and face the storm.
Knowing no separate ports at which we touch
Can ever equal this, or offer more,
We know as well, at last, that vessels such
As we were not intended for the shore.

The danger is not small—we count the cost
Of climbing tide and wave, of seeing sail
Across the water, vanishing and lost,
The other—to be swallowed in the gale.
But we are built of too imperious stuff
To rank this harbor-happiness enough.

Books

A Voyager's Epic

Madagascar: Land of the Man-Eating Tree. By Chase Salmon Osborn, LL.D. Republic Publishing Company. $5.

"I HAVE traveled and studied in every country on the globe," writes Mr. Osborn. "To me, the most strange and interesting is Madagascar." Unless I am badly mistaken, most readers of "Madagascar: Land of the Man-Eating Tree" will be in serious danger of joining the company of the author.

An anthropological monograph it is not; for that the book is too discursive and subjective. Nor is it merely a book of travel, for the volume of well-digested fact which it carries is tremendous. Again, it is not just a catechism of a man's ethical code, although in this domain also the book is spiced with innumerable thrusts at the powers of evil in our civilization as well as with wholesome advice as to ways of improving our attitudes, for those of us who are willing to listen. "Madagascar" is a combination of all these qualities. Moreover, it is written in a style which is truly English, nay, American. If Mark Twain had had the equipment of a Darwin and the experiences of a Marco Polo, he might have written such a book.

We learn from it not only of the impressive size and the marvelous geological history of this isle of wonders, but of its four million inhabitants, Negro, Malay, Arab, and white, all in one with their ways, customs, and beliefs, which range from the magic and hunting rights of the primitive savage to the political superstitions of centralized kingdoms and the economic accessories of modern civilization. We learn of rivers so crowded with giant man-eating crocodiles that the natives, at least in their stories, cross the streams by stepping upon the backs of these animals. We read of an amazing tropical flora only partially explored (here Mr. Osborn indulges in a bit of deliberate highbrowism in citing in Latin a page and a half of some of the genera to be found in Madagascar).

> Inasmuch as the tropical areas cover twenty of the fifty million square miles of the earth, it is interesting to note that nearly all the species found anywhere in the tropics appear in the big island and many that are not to be seen elsewhere.

One of the specimens to which we are introduced is the so-called rain tree:

> A watery fluid resembling rain and suggesting a shower drops from the tree continuously. Careful examination proves this rain to be produced by millions of tiny hemipterous insects crowded on the little leaves. They secrete so much of the rain that it drops all the time. They multiply as rapidly as they die and there is no discontinuance of the shower from one end of the year to the other.

The animal life and mineral riches of the island are treated with great vividness. In describing the latter, the author makes use of Mr. Lacroix's two-volume treatise on "Malagasy Mineralogy" as reviewed in *Science* by the ubiquitous George F. Kunz, of New York.

Madagascar is so large and so well stocked with worldly goods that its inhabitants are in many ways self-sufficient. For example, they seem to have no interest or even knowledge of America and its inhabitants. The author's accounts of the United States often fell upon incredulous ears. Many even of the better-informed natives suspected him of telling stories for their entertainment, while others were surprised to learn that not all Americans were Negroes. All this does not imply that racially the Malagasy are either pure or uppish.

> One evening at a party at Tamatave there were black French officers with white wives and white French officers with black wives and they all deported themselves, if anything, with more circumspection than the all whites. The color line is not drawn rigorously by the Germans and not at all by the French, unless possibly the French girls prefer pigmented husbands and lovers; not necessarily both at the same time.

Among the dangers of Malagasy existence we hear of a pestiferous bedbug (mentioned by Mr. Osborn in company with the crocodile) called jigger, which is a deadly enemy of man. The native method of ridding a house of jiggers is noteworthy. A crowd of children is invited in, allowed to sit a while on the floor, walk about, and depart. Then it is found that most of the jiggers will have fastened themselves to the feet of the youngsters. The jiggers are removed and there is no further trouble. If, however, they are permitted to remain in the body, they grow, encyst, and incubate. When the growth reaches the size of a grain, the whole cyst breaks and the myriad progeny journey through the body, destroying everything in their path. Death, of course, cannot be averted.

Interesting pages are devoted to a description of trials by ordeal, an institution, incidentally, which Madagascar shares with Africa as well as, until recent times, with Europe.

Space does not permit more than a mere mention of the sketch of native history which, in horrors, adventure, and romance, may well be compared to the Arabian Nights.

The creation legend of the Hovas is worth quoting in full as given by Mr. Osborn:

> The Hovas are descended from one man and one woman. God placed the man on the summit of the mountain Andringitra and the woman on the top of the Ankaratra; the man thirty miles south of Antananarivo and

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the woman forty miles north. They knew nothing of each other and wore no clothing. But the Creator had made them for each other and He gave them a mighty hunger which led them to each other. But before the happy design was fulfilled there was a trial of strength and fortitude. They were made to wander for months through the lonely valleys and over the trackless mountains. Their longing grew only the more fervent. Each night they were given blissful dreams and the promise that at the proper time when their love had been tested enough they would find each other and be happy. One day the man made a fire to cook his simple meal of manioc. This fire spread into the dry forest and made a huge mass of smoke that could be seen for a long distance. On the same day the woman made a fire to cook sweet potatoes and it also ignited the woods. Each saw the smoke made by the fires. They took heart anew and felt that they were soon to find each other. The man started toward the smoke on Ankaratra, building fires on every crest as he proceeded. The woman went in the direction of the smoke she saw and lighted fires to guide the man for whom her heart yearned. Six days after they saw the smoke the first time they came face to face. There they stood speechless, enraptured with the beauty and love and radiance that each saw in the other's face. In just a little time their voices were heard in words of love and endearment and they perfectly understood why they had been sent to each other. No snake, no apple, no punishment; just perfumed bliss such as the world had not known up to that time.

It would be unfair to Mr. Osborn to conclude this review without at least a passing reference to his humanitarian outlook. He, for one, has not been taken in by the Nordic myth. He has only sarcasm for the paternalistic exploitation of natives by their civilizing brothers.

> The fact is that a Nordic super race never existed. This earth is a sad old raft and those who squirm and fall overboard and climb on again down the river of the ages must learn that if they are to have a place they must grant one. Nearly three-fourths of the peoples of the earth are colored and they are vital and they must be treated right or humanity will pay for it. We must learn justice and practice it and teach it to those from whom we may one day beg it.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

Where Do We Go from Here?

Social Change. By William Fielding Ogburn. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

"SOCIAL CHANGE" is an excellent book. It at once provides the reader with an introduction to the relationships between our natural and social heritages and the controversies now being waged as to their relative significance in social development and offers us the example of an excellent method of analysis and study in the social sciences.

The argument is simple, but with far-reaching implications. After indicating the limitations imposed upon us both by human nature and by the institutional scheme which men have built up, Mr. Ogburn points out that our material culture develops fairly rapidly, owing to the reworking of old and the employment of new discoveries and inventions. Our non-material culture, on the other hand, such as law, custom, ethical codes, institutional organization, changes more slowly. This is due in part to the growth around a given system of vested interests, it is due to tradition, habit, forgetting the unpleasant, and to various other traits of *homo sapiens*. Consequently between non-material culture and material culture there is always a "cultural lag," exemplified by our failure to provide for a program of conservation of natural resources until long after those resources had clearly approached exhaustion, by the failure of the law to take account of machine technology in its treatment of industrial accident until long after there had been injustice and waste, and in our failure to plan and predict city growth long after the terrible costs of such planlessness were only too evident. But since our human nature is frequently poorly adjusted to our material culture—the human body becomes fatigued, while the machine is tireless—we have physical maladjustments, as revealed in nervousness and insanity, as well as social maladjustments, as revealed in the cultural lags mentioned above.

Practically all of the book is devoted to this very able and dispassionate analysis. The last few pages suggest possible ways of meeting some of these difficulties, but Mr. Ogburn is frankly and avowedly less interested in this side of the situation. He is very stimulating, however, in his brief discussion of recreation as a means of enabling us to meet these maladjustments.

This book is admirably objective in its treatment of social problems. I can also speak from experience based upon its use in classes of mine when I say that it gives the student who is first attacking the study of social institutions an excellent orientation toward the relations between our natural and social heritage and toward the significance of inventions, social changes, and maladjustment. As a matter of fact, I think that this is a better book than Graham Wallas's "Social Heritage," because I think that the author is more careful in using terms and arguments, and is much more objective in treating social problems. Furthermore, he seems to me to supply an excellent approach to the significance of the new work in physiology and psychology for social sciences. One may be a little fearful, after reading "Social Change," of the growth of a special jargon in the social sciences. After all, those of us in those sciences do aspire to some mark of the trade. Perhaps it is another example of cultural lag.

The lay reader will find here an interesting introduction to the world he lives in. He will not be too optimistic concerning his power to change or direct that world when he finishes the book. But if we do not know where we go from here, it is something to know the methods of travel, and at least exciting to know why we get wrecked.

JOHN M. GAUS

Elegant and Commodious

Sandoval. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Inigo Sandys. By E. B. C. Jones. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

WE moderns may possibly lack a proper respect for our grandfathers, but we are certainly not without a lively and almost unprecedented interest in them. Biographers and novelists have established what amounts to a veritable cult of the immediate and unheroic past, and now Mr. Beer has joined Mr. Strachey, Mrs. Wharton, and Miss Macaulay in the exploration of times past. Less weighty than Mr. Strachey or Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Beer has the advantage of a certain debonair insouciance, and like his fellow-explorers he is fascinated by an age so near and yet so far, by customs and habits of mind which are really only of yesterday, yet have a quaintness which is almost legendary.

In that New York where he lays his scene, Tweed was boss, and Ward McAllister, strolling down the aisle at Daly's, dubbed ladies and gentlemen knights of society with a touch of his gloved hand. Up the Hudson, ingenious patriots who had taken advantage of the war to buy cotton at five dollars and to sell it to England at fifty built houses overlooking the river, had them described in printed pamphlets as "elegant and commodious, surrounded by extensive grounds, furnished with four bathrooms," and bought genuine oil paintings by the best Parisian painters to demonstrate that America was not behind Europe in the arts. It was the age of innocence, but it was something more; ladies, it is true, played harps and did not mention legs, but the gambling hell was an accepted institution, and though champagne was drunk with a certain self-consciousness it was consumed in considerable quantities.

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Moreover, some of its youth could give points to the younger generation of today in fast living, and its politicians had the advantage of living in the epic age of robbery. The days of great Elizabeth were, we have it upon good authority, "spacious days," but those of the other great queen were, on both sides of the Atlantic, at least "elegant and commodious." Yet America was not quite England. It tried hard to be Victorian, but the essential rowdyism of its rank youth broke through, and even its vulgarity had a vigor which was not wholly contemptible. Of the great numbers enthusiastically playing the game of respectability on both sides of the Atlantic, there were fewer in America who never doubted that it was more than a game.

Only that past which is remote enough to be peopled with genuine antiques can be heroic, for the merely outmoded is bound to be a little comic, and so Mr. Beer's novel is not without satire, but he looks upon his chosen scene chiefly with the eye of a romancer. He is not so much concerned with social moralizing as Miss Macaulay and he does not catch as much of a lingering fragrance of sentiment as Mrs. Wharton, but he exploits to the full the bright colors and the grandiloquent gestures of a lively and fantastically lavish age. The story which serves as an excuse for his *mise en scène* is melodramatic and trivial enough, but nowhere are his documents in evidence, and he moves with quiet ease through forgotten scenes which he conjures up with a casual air and none of the portentousness of the historical romancer of the old school. For an hour and a half harps twinkle and gentlemen bow; bottles are emptied, cards shuffled, and hearts are broken; then the lights go out, and the New York of the sixties drops back into the yesterdays which are dead.

Perhaps in retrospect we get a little the impression of a very lively wax-works, but the costumes are fresh and the illumination is good; what more can we ask? Though sometimes we like to fancy otherwise, the past is never really much more than that. Only that part of it which has remained unchanged today can really live for us, and in no historical romance ever written are cast-off modes of thought more than merely costumes, more or less skilfully draped upon lay figures. Grandmother's ideas are like her crinolines—good only to dress a masquerade.

Four novels by Miss E. B. C. Jones have nourished a real admiration for her genuine and delicate talent for psychological analysis somewhat in the James manner, but even that admiration is not sufficient to inhibit a wish that her people might be exposed to a little of the rowdyness which Mr. Beer describes. She is not exactly effeminate—the firmness of her delicate line saves her from that—but her people are too invariably nice not to awaken an occasional impatience. Her world is the world in which pink-cheeked youths fresh from the university play tennis with moderately emancipated maidens who have competent mammas usually within easy reach. Being very modern, they not infrequently break the commandments, but they are never ruffled out of their manners, and they conduct even their illegitimate love affairs with such perfect decorum that one sometimes longs for a little less sensibility and a little more passion.

Cambridge, the scene of the first portion of the present book, is undoubtedly a beautiful place, and the life of its undergraduates has a graceful charm. But outside the walls, cricket, for instance, is not a sacred ritual, and one expects in novelist and even character some faint suspicion of that fact. Yet neither Miss Jones nor her Inigo seems to have it, and they take with the same solemnity every traditional mode of feeling in the right little, tight little class of their right little, tight little island. No hint of that larger world in which each must create anew the modes of his thought and feeling ever comes to disturb the mild comedies and serene tragedies of her people, but she endows them with all the grace possible to those who have chosen to lead the merely comely life.

J. W. Krutch

Nordic History

Jefferson Davis, President of the South. By H. J. Eckenrode. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WE have here a book, like so many others, of good and bad qualities intimately interwoven. I should like to pick out the good and set it over against the bad.

Mr. Eckenrode treats the causes of the Civil War and therefore of Jefferson Davis fundamentally. They were distinctly industrial, although there were moral influences that at times proved powerful. The rise of industrial America is, however, the basic cause; and Eckenrode's chapter treating this subject is excellent, discriminating, and not sectional or hot-tempered.

His portrayal of the planter system is hardly equal to his portrayal of its rival, the industrial, but it is good and sometimes the picture is most lifelike. Nor is there any taking of sides. In fact Eckenrode likes both the industrial and the planter inequalities and oligarchies. He makes it plain that he thinks democracy was and still is a great blunder. Men can not govern themselves anyhow. And maybe he is right.

For Davis as an historic figure Eckenrode has little but praise. The old notion that Davis was a mere traitor, a selfish politician willing to wreck "the best government on earth," is entirely exploded. Davis was a man of highest integrity and most devoted patriotism, the patriotism that swears by the Constitution and the law and cares little for that vast body of toiling folk who make up the country. Davis was even tender to these, but not at all impressed by the great thesis on which the United States was first projected, democracy. Nor does Eckenrode waste his time upon that dream.

There are some new facts brought out in the recent body of the correspondence of Jefferson Davis, edited by Dunbar Rowland, to which I should like to call attention, but I must only say that these new facts substantiate all that Eckenrode claims for Davis as a high-toned and considerate leader of men. Davis was not a stubborn, narrow, or personally vain and opinionated man as so many have made him out. And a new biography of a popular character, such as this is, ought to be widely read.

Now for the bad. There are very serious misjudgments in this work. It is, unfortunately, based frankly upon the very flimsy foundation of Madison Grant's "The Great Race," or some such title as that. Madison Grant a philosopher! A guide to the uncertain steps of historians! That I had never expected. His philosophy is the old gospel of God's chosen people put forth by the ancient Hebrews, urged and practiced by the Romans, pressed upon the world by Napoleon. Now comes an American historian and writes the story of the Civil War in the spirit of this ancient "will to power." The war between North and South was but a lamentable conflict between the two Nordic elements of the country. One of the great groups was defeated; the other was successful only after the loss of something like a million lives and perhaps ten billions of wealth. And the outcome was and is the dominance of the industrial Nordics, the Republican Party with its industrial barons for underpinning.

One may well agree that the destruction of the planter civilization in favor of the industrial oligarchy which all historians, but Rhodes, recognize as dominating American life since 1865, was unwise, perhaps a calamity. One may well recognize the fact that Lincoln lost his cause before he lost his life; but to glory in that loss and lament the danger that the beneficiaries of Lincoln's defeat may yet lose their control of the country is strange indeed in one who, if he be a historian, must look impartially and with a certain inward sorrow upon the futile struggles of men for ideals.

As I have said this is an interesting, a sad book. If historians fall such easy prey to mere propaganda what may not the rest of us be excused for doing?

William E. Dodd

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Suspense

The Snob. By Helen R. Martin. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

IN fiction as in life there are the methods of God and of the Devil. Doubtless God knows all about the little puppets he turns loose on the world, since of course they were fashioned in his own workshop, but he gives them a run for their money, possibly because he realizes that the play will be more interesting if for their day the puppets seem, at least to themselves, to be real. But the Devil is always hovering over his progeny with his trident. "So you think you're in love, do you?" he sneers. "As a matter of fact, your liver is on the rampage."

Whether or not it is from innocence that Mrs. Martin belongs to the creative school, the fact that she does enables her to tell a good story. In spite of much elementary social theorizing in the course of which all the popular Main Street arguments for the present system and against socialism are neatly bowled over, in spite of repetitious Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, only mildly interesting in itself, in spite of a quite impossible situation, the book absorbed my attention on a spring day from the opening chapter to the end. Impossible though it may be, there is a situation. The titillating Mephistophelian school can have no situations because they have pricked the mystery of personality, reducing it to a few generalizations.

And even if mere innocence is the saving quality of Mrs. Martin's point of departure, she adds to it first-rate craftsmanship in the telling of a tale. The reader is continually in an agreeable state of suspense, being kept busy throughout the first chapters speculating about the character of the little country school-teacher for whom the Snob, although reluctantly, endangered his career, later striving to anticipate the reactions of Leitersville on the mysterious Nancy and of Nancy on Leitersville, and in the end tumbling happily from one denouement to another.

The characters may be somewhat sentimentalized by the pink and gray lenses turned on them, it may be a bit inconsistent to enable these socialistic aliens who neither toil nor spin and who nevertheless rival Solomon in all his glory, to "put it over" on the penurious, hardworking, and unbeautiful natives because of their superior wealth and prestige, one may have one's doubts as to the Snob himself—all this is for the moment beside the point as the tale unfolds.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Social Living

Social Psychology. By Floyd H. Allport. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THERE are two standpoints in social psychology today; the first, which is sociological, involves the group as a unit of study; the other, which is psychological, in the strict sense, deals with the individual in social situations, either real or imaginary. For Mr. Allport social psychology falls under this second category.

In accordance, then, with his thesis, the author has confined himself very largely to describing and interpreting the mechanisms of individual consciousness and behavior as they involve social stimuli and the responses thereto. The opening chapters give a general behavioristic background to the problem with emphasis upon the "prepotent reflexes": hunger, sex, struggle, rejection, approach and withdrawal, and "sensitive zone reactions." Through learning, which consists chiefly in the process known as "conditioning," habits are built up which furnish us with the concrete features of conduct. Connected with these fundamental behavior patterns are the emotions and feelings. The author has modified the James-Lange theory of emotions to take into account the differentiating aspects of bodily sensations and the place which the autonomic nervous system plays in emotional expression.

Following this preliminary treatment of human nature is given an interesting analysis of personality. Here are presented some original researches upon temperament, compensation, inferiority feelings, sociality, and domination-submission tendencies. While there is in this volume no direct acceptance of Freud, the influence of psychoanalysis upon Mr. Allport's conception of personality is everywhere evident. In fact, one of the outstanding contributions of the book, aside from its specific content, is the author's acceptance in a systematic treatise of much of the new psychology, although it is couched, on the whole, in terms of behaviorism. To him "personality is preeminently the social aspect of the individual" whose traits are a combination of original nature and much transformation under family, playground, and other group environment—a viewpoint very much like that of Freud, Adler, and Jung.

The second part of the volume deals more especially with "social behavior," that is, for Mr. Allport, the reactions and attitudes of the individual in social situations. The chapters on "language and gesture" and on "facial and bodily expression" as forms of social stimulation are the ablest summary of this important material which the reviewer has seen in English. True to his general standpoint, however, the author does not venture beyond the mechanistic phases of the topics into the wider significance of human communication which is so basic to social intercourse and social control. And in the section on the relation of infantile to primitive language there is an unwarranted assumption that non-inflective languages, for instance agglutinative or polysynthetic languages like those of native Africa or America, are inherently inferior to our own Aryan tongue which no modern anthropologist would accept.

Two chapters are given over to the presentation of experimental data on the responses of the individual to the presence of other persons. Confirmation of older observation is here given. The mere presence of other people tends to make, in the individual, for quantity rather than quality of motor skill. So, too, working in groups tends to eliminate individual differences in mental performance leveling the thinking capacity of the brighter to the mediocre standards of the average member concerned.

In the discussion of crowd behavior, more specifically, the author follows Martin's interpretation fairly closely. The older theory has been that the crowd wipes out the individual's own personal attitudes and ideals. It is here maintained, on the contrary, that more frequently the real deep-rooted emotional attitudes of hatred, selfishness, and aggression of the individual are there fully expressed, simply because of the feeling of universality and of release from responsibility which the crowd fosters. As Mr. Allport puts it, "The individual in the crowd behaves as he would alone, *only more so.*"

The final chapters discuss the place of social attitudes in social adjustment and give a sketchy account of the nexus between the individual and his institutional environment.

It may be said in conclusion that this book is a very adequate account of the fundamental mental mechanisms behind social relations. To hold with the author, however, that the province of social psychology consists in this sort of treatment only is to ignore the important contributions to this field of such writers as Tarde, Le Bon, Graham Wallas, J. M. Williams, and the type of studies now being published under the direction of Professor Park at Chicago. I believe that the basic foundations of social psychology must first treat the individual mechanisms of mind coupled with an analysis of the concrete nature of idea and attitude. In the second instance, account must be taken of the specific environment around which these attitudes and ideas revolve and toward which behavior is directed. To ignore either the individual or the social environment in dealing with social psychology is to possess a particularistic formula from which the full interpretation of social living will tend forever to escape us.

KIMBALL YOUNG

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With Apologies to Socrates

The Logic of Conduct. By James MacKaye. Boni and Liveright. $3.

ON the cover of Mr. James MacKaye's book, "The Logic of Conduct," we are told that it is "a revolutionary book that transforms morals from a philosophy of life into a science of life." Goodness knows we need a book that will do just that; but shades of Plato and Socrates! What do we find? Forty-five "sessions" between a junior and a senior! Each "session," conducted in some peaceful, secluded spot, consists of a dialogue between the two about the *good*, the *bad*, and the *indifferent*. The conclusions reached by these youthful but all too close friends advance ethical thought not one whit beyond the point where Plato had Socrates leave it. If the author had only introduced a bit of romance—if the junior had only been a girl, one could have forgiven him even 486 pages!

Socrates if alive would be furious at the abuse of his method at the hands of a 1924 writer who knows so little of the color of the water that has passed over the dam in the stream of philosophy and psychology during the past twenty years.

In his preface Mr. MacKaye states that we are in need of a group of volumes on the science of "utilitechnics." He modestly intimates that should the demand justify the preparation of such volumes he would be glad to undertake them. If the present ancient, threadbare presentation is an earnest of what they will be like, heaven forbid that in this day of the high cost of paper and printing he can ever again find so lenient a publisher for his manuscripts.

JOHN B. WATSON

Books in Brief

Plays in Prose and Verse. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Later Poems. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.50

Two volumes of a new edition of the works of Mr. Yeats which will fill in all six volumes. The edition is welcome, since its predecessors are difficult to obtain and are necessarily incomplete. The first of the two volumes at hand contains more plays than have hitherto been collected in a single book; the second contains all of Yeats's poetry written since "The Wind Among the Reeds."

What Is Modernism? By Leighton Parks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

A simple, readable, well-informed, and well-reasoned statement of the case for modernism by a devout churchman. If it does not meet all questions and doubts both from without and within the church, it ought to allay many fears as to the piety of the more conservative modernist and his loyalty to the church.

Treve. By Albert Payson Terhune. George H. Doran Company. $2.

While it is largely true, as Mr. Terhune says, that the story of one's dogs, like the recital of one's dreams, is of no special interest to others, this writer gets around the handicap by the communicable eagerness of his enthusiasm. Knowing so much about collies, he has become their literary spokesman. The shaggy aristocrats are fortunate to have their interpretation in the hands of a writer who is sympathetic without being sentimental.

Le Français Classique. By G. Cayrou. H. Didier. 20 francs.

Although addressed directly to students preparing for examination on precise interpretation of classic texts, this book will be useful to American teachers whose interest in words and their ways extends further than the novel of yesterday. It contains approximately 2,200 words common in the seventeenth century and now either obsolete or used in a different sense. Definitions from early dictionaries are followed by examples and by remarks from contemporary grammarians to illustrate shades of meaning.

What Is Modern Architecture?

By FISKE KIMBALL

SPEAKING of her buildings, Henry James compared New York to "an ample childless mother, who consoles herself for her own sterility by an unbridled course of adoption." It is the current view that American architecture, under the lead of designers such as McKim, Stanford White, Charles Platt, and John Russell Pope, has turned its back on modernity and reconciled itself to a barren reproduction of the classic. It is not the true or vital view. If we consider more intently the work of this contemporary classic school, we will find it is not only creative, but that it has an underlying affinity, real though not obvious, with the progressive work in modern painting and the other arts.

In the thought of the nineties, by contrast, the insistent search for a "modern style," for an "American style," was bound up with the effort to find a new expression for modern materials and structure. Its doctrine, derived from the writings of Ruskin and Viollet-le-Duc in the sixties, crystallized in the mottoes: "Form follows function" and "You may decorate your construction, never construct your decoration." It was in reaction against the historical eclecticism of the mid-century, the indifferent copying of historic forms, Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance. Taking to heart the environment theory of Taine, it emphasized the novel elements in modern life, rather than those of continuity with the past. Thus its attention was devoted primarily to the new products of modern materialism, steel and concrete, the skyscraper and the factory.

In 1895 Louis Sullivan of Chicago for the first time solved the problem of indicating the steel frame of the office building. He abandoned any wall surface in favor of a visible protective casing of the steel itself. This he accomplished in the Wainwright Building in St. Louis, and repeated and developed, the following year, in the Guaranty or Prudential Building at Buffalo. The essence of the building, its height, and the relatively greater strength of the vertical bars of the frame, he emphasized by doubling and accenting the vertical lines. The achievement in the expression of structure was widely recognized and acclaimed. Few, if any, tall buildings from 1897 to 1912 failed to show its influence, which extended far beyond the circle of consistent "modernists" who sought to abandon all historical forms. It was taken up also by the eclectics, and hybridized especially with Gothic, which itself involved the tendency to structural expression and an emphasis on the vertical. The skilful use of Gothic forms in so conspicuous an instance as the Woolworth Building, in the years 1911 to 1913, gave them increased currency. Even the most determined classicists did not remain untouched. Thus in McKim, Mead and White's Municipal Building, designed in 1908, the structural lines of the steel columns were accentuated by shallow vertical strips.

A parallel achievement in the expression of concrete factory construction was made by Ernest Wilby, associated with Albert Kahn of Detroit. In designing the first Ford plant at Highland Park, the idea came of exhibiting the concrete frame itself, and filling the entire space from pier to pier with glass. Only below the sills did a low parapet wall of brick remain. The new treatment, which had great practical and economic advantages, spread over the country like wildfire, and has given the American industrial building its characteristic physiognomy.

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These realistic treatments of the subject matter of modern life have their obvious relation with the realistic movements in painting and sculpture, in literature and music. Painting from Courbet through the impressionists and neo-impressionists, sculpture in the hands of Carpeaux, Meunier, and Rodin, the music-drama of Wagner, the novels and plays of Tolstoi, Flaubert, Zola, and Ibsen, all seek characteristic beauty through truth to nature, rather than abstract beauty through relations of form. And while, nevertheless, the men of fundamental greatness in the other arts, as in architecture, preserved a sense of form, the lesser men and the imitators fell into the formlessness which we see, for instance, in Monet's successors.

Against this formlessness of the impressionists, this scientific observation of nature, this equation of beauty with truth, there began a reaction, even before 1890. Cézanne wrote "One must compose by the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone," and he let anatomy and photographic foreshortening give way. Bourdelle, Maillol, and Mestrovic became "archaic" and geometrical. The symbol replaced the statement of objective fact. Representation itself has been discarded by painting and sculpture in some instances, and the possibility of a purely abstract art of form and color asserted. In literature there has been a renaissance of verse, with a multitude of novel experiments in form. Music has tended to abandon its programmatic and representative efforts to express extraneous ideas, and to revert to its own language, enriched by new scales and tonalities.

In the architecture of the past the preeminent manifestations of pure or abstract form, as against a structural or sculptural emphasis, have doubtless been in the classic styles. Periods of renewed interest in unity and purity of form, such as those of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, have coincided with reversions to the classic elements, which have come to constitute a universal language, of elementary geometrical simplicity. It is in this sense that we must interpret the new revival of the classic which has decidedly gained the upper hand in American architecture during the last generation.

It is important to note that this movement in its origins owed little to contemporary Europe and that it has remained American in leadership. Although the leaders have been men of European training, it has not been the style of their French masters which has determined theirs. McKim and White came back from France with their portfolios full of picturesque high-roofed chateaux, such as Hunt, their predecessor at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, had already been transplanting here. Their initial works, whether showing the influence of Richardson or of the Queen Anne period, were themselves romantic in composition. The earliest work in a new manner, one which in the sequel assumes importance of the first magnitude, was the group of Villard houses in New York, built in 1885 on Madison Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets. The four houses were not individually differentiated, but were welded into a single great palace, simple and uniform, its details suggested by the Italian Renaissance. When I once asked Mr. Mead how this sudden departure came to pass in the work of the firm he spoke of the gifted and unfortunate Joseph Morrill Wells, one of their designers, and showed me Wells's two sober drawings of the Farnese Palace and Lescot's wing of the Louvre, still on the walls of the office, representing his classic ideals, which became the ideals of his great associates.

A series of influential works quickly followed, the most notable being the Boston Public Library, for which McKim's uniform and majestic competitive design was adopted in 1888. Then came the marvelous phantasm of 1893 at Chicago, in which the unsubstantial realities of wood and plaster were bodied forth in an ideal splendor and harmony of form. Here McKim himself was rivaled and outdone by Charles Attwood in his two superb designs of the Peristyle and the Fine Arts Building, the latter a masterpiece which well deserves the promised resurrection from its sad decay. The effect on current practice was electrical. Almost overnight the whole public architecture of the country was turned into a monumental and classical channel. When, in 1901, McKim and Burnham made the great plan for the architectural development of Washington, the movement found a nationalistic sanction in the buildings of the early republic, unparalleled abroad in their literal adherence to the classic ideal.

Although, to many later works of the school, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts has contributed its analytical science of planning, it is a mistake to suppose the movement itself to be, as Jacques Gréber has asserted, "preuve de la force d'expansion de la génie française." The scores of *élèves* who have returned from the unrivaled discipline and emulation of the Paris school have had here to lay aside their French language of form, based on characteristic emphasis and on lavish, dynamic energy, to learn anew a language of almost mathematical simplicity and of Dorian harmony. Not one has permanently escaped the overwhelming domination of the American classic.

Even the citadel of functionalism, the skyscraper, has finally been captured. In 1912 there rose in upper Fifth Avenue the building of the Century Holding Company, the first of the "millionaire apartments," at the corner of Eighty-first Street. Here McKim, Mead and White no longer compromised, but were true to their own implicit theory of form—that "instead of constructing first, without preoccupation with the final appearance, promising oneself to utilize the ingeniousness of the construction as the decoration, one should relegate the ingenuities of structure to a position among the secondary means, unworthy of appearing in the completed work." The steel frame disappeared again behind sheer, unbroken walls, the merits of which lay in uniformity and proportion. Almost simultaneously came Charles Platt's Leader-News Building in Cleveland with its vast plane surfaces of grooved stone. Now the multitude of high apartment buildings east of Central Park follows the new precedent with one accord, and the Federal Reserve Bank raises its sheer cliffs of unbroken masonry in the narrow lanes downtown. For better or worse, the struggle to express the steel frame, so burning in the nineties, has become a dead issue.

Meanwhile foreign conquests have begun. The French, who made fun of the plaster colonnades at Chicago in 1893, reproduced them at the Paris exposition of 1900, so unlike all its European predecessors. The English, abandoning their long tradition of ridicule, are frank in admiration. The leaders of the new generation, such as Adshead, Richardson, and Atkinson, know America well. They have modeled their schools on ours, and are striving to bring about a revival of their own fine classic architecture of 1800. The young pensioners of the Royal Institute have already come to America to study, more than once; and now with the founding of the Bossom scholarship they will do so as a regular practice. They are not interested merely in the commercial and material aspects of American architecture, but equally in the largeness and simplicity of style. With the building of Bush House in the Strand, the first conspicuous monument of this style on English soil, the buzz of admiring tongues tells us that in architecture American hegemony is won.

In the never-ending flux of artistic creation, what is the "modern" of one generation is no longer the modern of the next. We may admire the apt epigram of the nineties, but if we persist in repeating it, it becomes a platitude of today.

In art, unlike science, there is no single "right" way. Only to stand still is wrong, since it belies the imaginative and creative nature of art itself. Which way is forward at the moment is determined only by the march of events. If the procession turns south, those who still continue westward are condemned henceforth to insignificance. Such a great change of front has taken place in our day. Wells and McKim, White and Attwood, we now see, did not lead merely the rear-guard of a belated historic revivalism, but a new van. In their apparent classicism, the architects are really marching side by side with the modernists in sculpture and painting—alike votaries of a new worship of abstract beauty of form.

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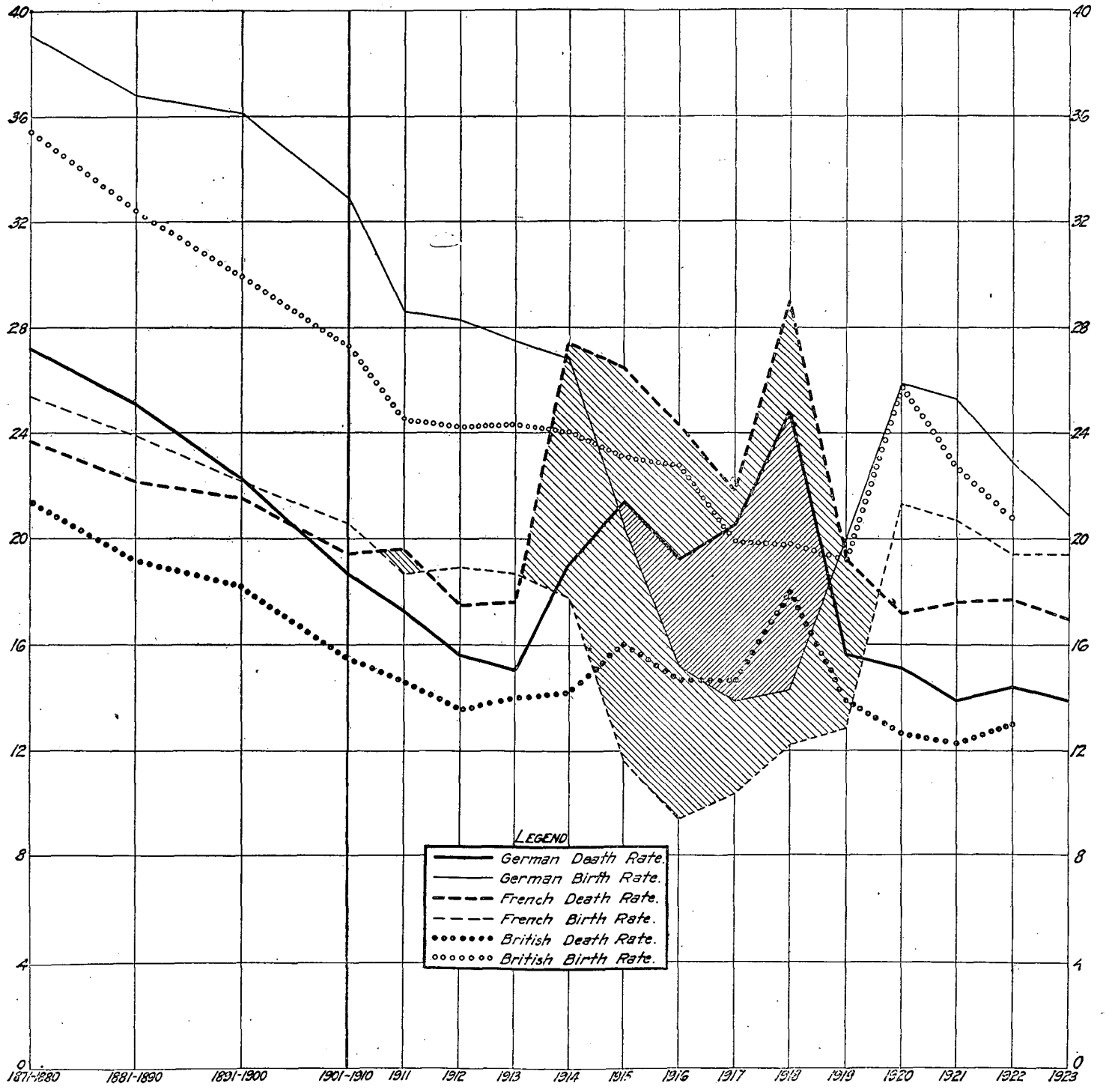
International Relations Section

They Were Born . . . They Died

THE shaded patches on the accompanying chart show the excess of deaths over births in France and Germany during the war years—the smaller patch the excess in Germany, the larger that in France. The chart is compiled from figures given in the May 1 issue of *Wirtschaft und Statistik*, issued in Berlin by the German Government.

The three columns at the left each cover a decade—they show the steady pre-war decline both in birth- and death-rates in France, Germany, and Great Britain. The coincidence between the decline in deaths and that in births is striking; the excess of births over deaths in each country remained virtually stable through the four decades covered by the chart. The later columns cover each one year. In France in one year before the war (1911) the deaths actually exceeded the births. It is important to bear these pre-war figures in mind in considering the later figures.

In both Germany and France the death-rate jumped in 1914, in France exceeding the birth-rate. In Germany it did not cross that line until 1915. In both countries the birth-rate fell sharply in 1915 and still more in 1916; in France it began to pick up in 1917, in Germany not until 1918; in both countries it leaped upward in 1919 and 1920,



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in 1920 almost equaling the pre-war rate in Germany and in France reaching a high point not touched in any other year of the present century. Then it began falling again. In Germany the 1923 birth-rate was only 20.9, as compared with 27.5 in 1913, in France it is still above the pre-war figure—19.4 in 1923, 18.7 in 1913—partly because of the inclusion of Alsace-Lorraine in the later years. The French death-rate is almost precisely at the pre-war level; the German death-rate is slightly below the 1913 figure, although not nearly as low as it would be had the pre-war decline continued. France is, consequently, gaining population slightly more rapidly than before the war; Germany much less rapidly than before, but still more rapidly than France. This gain, however, is offset by an emigration approaching the huge figures of the eighteen eighties.

The British figures used in the chart are, relatively, deceptive, for they do not include military losses. They do, however, reveal three things: first, that the British birth-rate showed no sharp decline until 1917, and then declined but slightly, although it jumped in 1920 to an almost unprecedented figure; second, the increase in mortality among even the civil population in war time; third, they show the extraordinary increase in civilian deaths in 1918 due to the "flu" epidemic, and make plain that the peaks shown in the death curves for all three nations in 1918 are primarily due to that plague rather than to any increased intensity in the fighting.

The Disarmament Treaty

THE Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security, drawn up by a committee headed by General Tasker H. Bliss and Professor James T. Shotwell (who comments on it elsewhere in this issue), is here reprinted because of its importance despite the fact that it has already been made public elsewhere in the United States.

The High Contracting Parties, being desirous of promoting peace and of lessening the danger of war by reduction and limitation of armaments, agree to this treaty.

PART I—GENERAL MEASURES

Chapter I—Outlawry of Aggressive War

Article 1.—The H. C. P. [High Contracting Parties or Party] solemnly declare that aggressive war is an international crime. They severally undertake not to be guilty of its commission.

Art. 2.—A state engaging in war for other than purposes of defense commits the international crime described in Article 1.

Art. 3.—The Permanent Court of International Justice shall have jurisdiction, on the complaint of any signatory, to make a judgment to the effect that the international crime described in Article 1 has or has not in any given case been committed.

Chapter II—Acts of Aggression

Art. 4.—The H. C. P. solemnly declare that acts of aggression, even when not resulting in war, and preparations for such acts of aggression, are hereafter to be deemed forbidden by international law.

Art. 5.—In the absence of a state of war, measures of force by land, by sea, or in the air taken by one state against another and not taken for purposes of defense or for the protection of human life shall be deemed to be acts of aggression.

Any signatory which claims that another signatory has violated any of the terms of this treaty shall submit its case to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

A signatory refusing to accept the jurisdiction of the court in any such case shall be deemed an aggressor within the terms of this treaty.

Failure to accept the jurisdiction of the court within four days after submission of a claim of violation of this treaty shall be deemed a refusal to accept the jurisdiction.

Art. 6.—The court shall also have jurisdiction on the complaint of any signatory to make a judgment to the effect that there has or has not in any given case been committed a violation of international law within the terms of Article 4.

Art. 7.—The Permanent Advisory Conference hereinafter mentioned shall from time to time consider the further codifying of the principles of international law relating to acts of aggression and preparations for such acts.

In this regard, the conference shall take into account the additional security to the signatories and the progressive disarmament which are by this treaty contemplated.

The recommendations of the conference shall be submitted to the H. C. P. for their adoption, and shall also be transmitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Chapter III—Sanctions

Art. 8.—In the event of any H. C. P. having been adjudged an aggressor pursuant to this treaty, all commercial, trade, financial, and property interests of the aggressor and of its nationals shall cease to be entitled, either in the territories of the other signatories or on the high seas, to any privileges, protection, rights, or immunities accorded by either international law, national law, or treaty.

Any H. C. P. may in such case take such other steps toward the severance of trade, financial, commercial, and personal intercourse with the aggressor and its nationals as it may deem proper and the H. C. P. may also consult together in this regard.

The period during which any such economic sanction may be continued shall be fixed at any time by the court at the request of any signatory.

In the matter of measures of force to be taken, each signatory shall consult its own interests and obligations.

Art. 9.—If any H. C. P. shall be adjudged an aggressor by the Permanent Court of International Justice, such power shall be liable for all costs to all other H. C. P. resulting from its aggression.

Chapter IV—Decrees of the Permanent Court

Art. 10.—The H. C. P. agree to accept the judgment of the Permanent Court of International Justice as to the fulfilment or violation of the contracts of this treaty.

Any question arising under this treaty is *ipso facto* within the compulsory jurisdiction of the court.

Art. 11.—If a dispute arising under this treaty shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice, it is for the court to decide as to its jurisdiction and also whether or not its decree has been complied with.

PART II—DISARMAMENT

Chapter I—Reduction and Limitation of Armament

Art. 12.—The H. C. P., recognizing that excessive armaments constitute a menace of war, mutually agree:

(i) To limit or reduce their armaments to the basis necessary for the maintenance of peace and national security.

(ii) To study the ways and means for future reduction of armaments either as between all signatories or as between any two of them.

Chapter II—Demilitarized Zones

Art. 13.—In order to facilitate the security and progressive disarmament contemplated by the present treaty, any H. C. P. may agree with one or more neighboring countries for the establishment of demilitarized zones.

Chapter III—Permanent Advisory Conference

Art. 14.—The H. C. P. will call a permanent advisory conference upon disarmament which shall meet not less than once every three years.

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This conference shall, in addition to its functions as described in Article 7, publish periodical reports concerning the actual conditions of the armaments of the signatory states.

The conference shall advise the H. C. P. concerning measures to be taken to insure the carrying out of the principles of the present treaty and it may prepare supplementary treaties for the establishment of demilitarized zones and for the further promotion of disarmament and peace.

ART. 15.—The Advisory Conference upon disarmament shall appoint a Permanent Technical Committee.

ART. 16.—The Permanent Advisory Conference or its Permanent Technical Committee shall give advice on technical questions to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the request of said court.

ART. 17.—The expenses of the Permanent Advisory Conference and of its agencies shall be borne by the signatory Powers in the proportions of their respective budgets for defense.

PART III—INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION

CHAPTER I—COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

ART. 18.—By the terms of Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

"The members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes."

In order to facilitate the carrying out of the said engagement by the Powers party thereto, the signatories hereto agree that there shall be maintained under the direction of the Council of the League of Nations a commission charged with the duty of making the necessary official examinations and reports.

ART. 19.—The said commission shall proceed under such regulations as the Council of the League shall from time to time approve.

ART. 20.—Subject to such regulations the members of the commission shall be entitled, when they deem it desirable, to proceed to any point within the territory of any signatory or to send subcommissions or to authorize one or more of their members so to proceed on behalf of the commission.

ART. 21.—The signatories hereto will give all necessary facilities to the said commission in the performance of its duties.

ART. 22.—All reports made to the Council of the League by the said commission shall be communicated to the signatory Powers.

CHAPTER II—OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL

ART. 23.—The Council of the League, taking into account the reports and opinions of the said commission, shall at any time when requested by any signatory hereto, consider summarily whether (a) the armaments of any signatory to this treaty are in excess of those fixed under its provisions; or (b) the military or other preparations of any state are of such a nature as to cause apprehension of aggression or an eventual outbreak of hostilities.

ART. 24.—If the Council shall upon such request be of the opinion that there is reasonable ground for thinking that a menace of aggression has arisen, the parties to the defensive agreements hereinafter mentioned may put into immediate execution the plan of assistance which they have agreed upon.

ART. 25.—If the Council shall, upon such request, not be of opinion that a menace of aggression has arisen, a public report to the effect shall be made and in such case no signatory shall be under any obligation to put into execution any plan of assistance to which it is a party; but any signatory, believing itself to be threatened with a menace of aggression, notwithstanding the fact that the Council of the League has not been of such opinion, may forthwith notify the Council to that effect, and such signatory shall thereupon have full liberty of action in military or other preparations for defense, subject, however, to the limitations as to armament which are imposed by any treaty then in force other than this treaty and treaties dependent thereon.

PART IV—TREATIES OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE

ART. 26.—The H. C. P. may conclude, either as between two of them or as between a larger number, agreements complementary to the present treaty, exclusively for the purpose of their mutual defense and intended solely to facilitate the carrying out of the measures prescribed in this treaty, determining in advance the assistance which they would give to each other in the event of any act of aggression.

Such agreements may, if the H. C. P. interested so desire, be negotiated and concluded under the auspices of the League of Nations.

ART. 27.—Complementary agreements, as defined in the preceding article, shall, before being registered, be examined by the Council with a view to deciding whether they are in accordance with the principles of this treaty and of the Covenant.

In particular, the Council shall consider if the cases of aggression contemplated in these agreements are of a nature to give rise to an obligation to give assistance on the part of the other H. C. P.

The Council may, if necessary, suggest changes in the texts of the agreements submitted to it.

When recognized, the agreements shall be registered in conformity with Article 18 of the Covenant. They shall be regarded as complementary to the present treaty, and shall in no way limit the general obligations of the H. C. P. nor the sanctions contemplated against an aggressor under the terms of this treaty.

They will be open to any other H. C. P. with the consent of the signatory states.

ART. 28.—In all cases of aggression, for which provision is made in the agreement constituting a defensive group, the H. C. P. which are members of such group may undertake to put into operation automatically the plan of assistance agreed upon between them; and in all other cases of aggression, or menace or danger of aggression, directly aimed at them, they will consult each other before taking action, and will inform the Council of the measures which they are contemplating.

PART V—PARTIES TO THE TREATY

CHAPTER I—ACCESSION

ART. 29.—Any state, member or not of the League of Nations, may adhere to this treaty by depositing an act of adhesion with the Secretary General of the League, who shall at once inform the other signatories thereof.

CHAPTER II—WITHDRAWAL

ART. 30.—Any party to this treaty may withdraw therefrom by depositing an act of withdrawal with the Secretary General of the League of Nations. Such withdrawal shall take effect one year after the deposit thereof and only as to the party withdrawing.

CHAPTER III—RATIFICATION

ART. 31.—The present treaty shall be ratified and the instruments of ratification shall be deposited as soon as possible with the Secretary General of the League of Nations.

It shall come into force:

In Europe when it shall have been ratified by five European states, including France, Great Britain, and Italy.

In Asia when it shall have been ratified by two Asiatic states, one of which shall be Japan.

In North America when ratified by the United States of America.

In Central America and the West Indies when ratified by one state in the West Indies and two in Central America.

In South America when ratified by four states in South America, one of which shall be either Argentina, Brazil, or Chile.

In Africa and Oceania when ratified by two states in Africa and Oceania.

With regard to the H. C. P. which may subsequently ratify the treaty, it will come into force at the date of the deposit of the instrument of ratification.

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